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THE CRITIC

AND LITERARY WORLD

SEPTEMBER 1905

Southern Writers

By MRS. L. H. HARRIS

The
Relation of Legs to Literature

By BAILEY MILLARD

Philadelphia in Literature

By ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON

(Illustrated)

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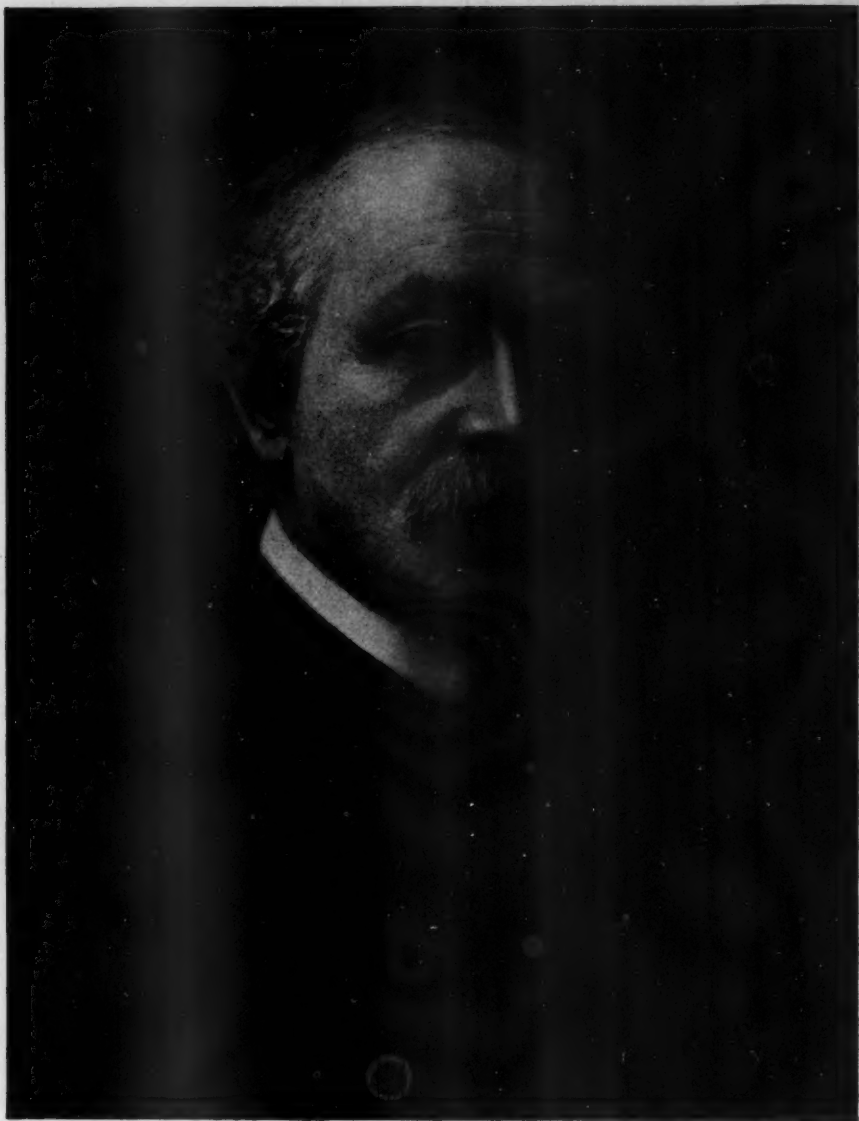


Photo by Hollinger & Co.

SIR CASPAR PURDON CLARKE
The new Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art
(See page 211)

THE CRITIC

Vol. XLVII

SEPTEMBER, 1905

No. 3

The Lounger

I WISH to make my compliments to Mrs. Clarence Mackay, and to congratulate the Roslyn, L. I., Board of Education that she has been elected as one of its members. Mrs. Mackay's example is a good one, and it would be an excellent thing for our public-school system if more men and women of education and refinement took an active part in its work. That Mrs. Mackay should care to interest herself in the practical details of the Roslyn public school is to her credit, and there is no doubt that the school will benefit by her interest in it. The crying need of this country is that the wealthy and educated classes should take a practical interest in public affairs. It is a shame and a disgrace to the nation that men, and women, particularly men of wealth and position, shirk their public duties and leave politics to the class which is popularly known as "grafters." There are exceptions to the rule, and many instances could be quoted where men of wealth and position have given their time to municipal affairs. There are many instances in New York City, but there are not enough. We must expect to be misgoverned, we must expect filthy streets such as New York is now suffering from, if we put people into office who care nothing for the public benefit, but only for their own private pockets.

When Mrs. Mackay took her seat in the local school board at Roslyn, she made a short address in which she very clearly and emphatically defined her position. I quote part of her address:

I do not want you to think, or the public to think, as has been intimated, that I want to run this board, or that it is to be dominated by Harbor Hill. I want to work for the best interests of the school, and I want you to help me, as I shall help you, or try to. There has been so much talk about me and about the school before the election, that I want you all to thoroughly understand my position. I believe it is better for people of the wealthy class to help improve the public schools than to spend their money on yachts or parks or private schools.

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Mr. Clement K. Shorter, in his literary letter to *The Sphere*, discusses the subject of the reading of authors' manuscripts. He says emphatically that "editors do not in very large numbers read the manuscripts that come to them." If Mr. Shorter is speaking for himself I cannot dispute him. He knows what he does and he may know what English editors do; but I know that in America editors do read the manuscripts that are sent them. They may not read from the first page to the last, but they read enough to know whether the manuscript is in any way suitable to their publication. It is not necessary to read more than the first

page of most manuscripts that are sent unsolicited to magazines. Sometimes the subject of an article is sufficient to show an editor that it is "unavailable," but where there is the slightest doubt as to its availability the manuscript is not only carefully read by the editor but usually by others. Although Mr. Shorter admits that many editors constantly return manuscripts without reading them, and frequently without even looking at the titles, he still insists that "there is really no such thing to-day as unrecognized talent." It is a common thing for writers of a certain class to play tricks on editors to prove that their manuscripts are not read. They will paste several pages together or they will insert a bit of string or something between pages in the middle of a manuscript, and if they find that the pasted pages are not cut, or that the string remains where they placed it, they will accuse the editor of not having read their effusions. Some time ago a woman wrote an indignant letter to the editor of the *Century Magazine*, accusing him of not having read her manuscript, for she said an eyelash that she had dropped on the fifth page, and had purposely left there, she had found in the same place when the manuscript was returned. This only goes to prove what I have just said, that very few unsolicited manuscripts are worth reading.

A writer who in the columns of the *New York Sun* gives the story of his earnings along the lines of literature does not make a very good showing for the literary life. Since he became an author, some twenty years ago, he has kept a careful account of the earnings of his pen. He has published some twenty-five books, nineteen serial stories, one hundred and twenty-six short stories, and two hundred and thirty-two general articles. An interesting feature of this writer's confessions is that they show the remarkable mortality among periodicals. No less than thirty-one out of the ninety-six publications which were flourishing when he began to write no longer exist, and some of

those that are still struggling along might as well have passed away with the other thirty-one. The most money that this author ever made in one year out of authorship was something over \$1700. The sum total for twenty years' literary work was practically \$18,000, an average of \$900 per annum. Fortunately for this author he had other business.

I regret to record the death of Dr. John Williams Streeter, the author of "The Fat of the Land." It was only a few weeks ago that I had a letter from Dr. Streeter in which he told me that his much-discussed book had been written while he was ill in a hospital in Chicago and that his information was not given at first hand. For twenty-five years Dr. Streeter successfully practised medicine in Chicago, but several years ago he contracted blood poisoning from an operation. He was then obliged to withdraw from general practice, and the last years of his life were devoted to private hospital work. While "The Fat of the Land" was a work of the imagination, the story was a practical one, and I have no doubt that what Dr. Streeter's farmer did could be done by any other intelligent man.

A new book, "Rose o' the River," by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, will be published in the fall. The scene of this story is laid in the Saco Valley, giving it a background of Maine village life not unlike that of "Rebecca." Incidentally during the course of this story Mrs. Wiggin gives graphic pictures of logging and jam-breaking on the Saco. The portrait of Mrs. Wiggin, which I take pleasure in presenting, was made in the cap and gown worn when the degree of Litt.D. was conferred upon her by Bowdoin College.

An admirer in Scotland has sent the accompanying lines "To the Faire Mistress Riggs, Worthilie admitted to the Degree of Doctor of Letters, in the College of Bowdoin, beyond seas."



Photo by M. B. Parkinson

Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin Co.

MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

When of Penelope I heare the Name,
I call to minde not wise Ulysses'
Dame,

But You, that sometimes deigne to so-
journ here,

Whom every Muse and every Grace
holds deare;

Who smile at Envie, and can bring
with Ease

All to confesse Your sovran Skille to
please.

For Britaine's Sake then, whose Three
Kingdomes show

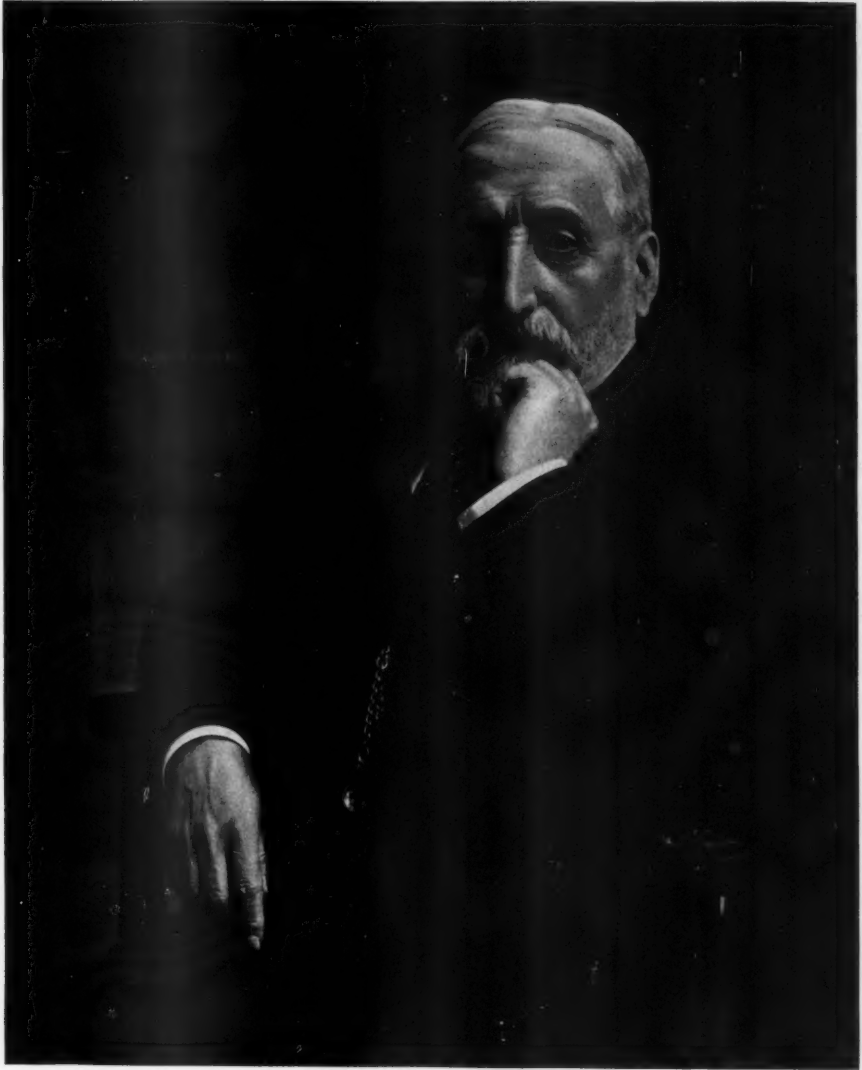
One Minde in honouring and praising
You,

And for my Sake, who ever did prefer
Your Bookes to other Tomes and
weightier,

Permit my lines to have a free Accesse
To kiss Your Hand, most Daintie
Doctoresse.

28

The destruction by fire of St. Thom-
as's Church, New York, is a distinct
loss to American art, for in that church



SIR DONALD MACKENZIE WALLACE

were two of John La Farge's greatest paintings and a gold bronze reredos by Saint Gaudens. The money value of these works of art was \$40,000, but their art value cannot be estimated.



A new edition of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's admirable book on Russia is most timely. Since its first publication the book has been re-edited and five new chapters added. The author writes from an intimate knowledge of Russia covering a period of thirty-five years. Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, as one might readily surmise from his name, is a Scot. He was born in 1841, and was private secretary to the Marquess of Dufferin when the latter was Viceroy of India.



Messrs. Holt, who are the publishers of Wallace's "Russia" in this country, have brought out sixteen editions of the book, which is regarded by the best informed as a very high authority upon its subject. *Apropos* an amusing anecdote is told by Sir Grant Duff in his memoirs. It seems that at a certain club in Edinburgh Wallace fell into conversation about Russia with a young man who had very decided views with which he, Wallace, could not agree. "Oh," said the young man, "it is all very well for you to say that you do not agree with me, but I know all about it. I have just been reviewing Wallace's 'Russia.'" "And I have just been writing it," was the natural reply. The young man, by the way, was Robert Louis Stevenson.



The San Francisco *Argonaut*, the brightest weekly published west of the Mississippi, has discovered a new Japanese poet. A member of the editorial staff of that journal recently received this letter:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 7, 1905.
(Care Japanese M. E. Mission.)

DEAR MR. S—: Pardon my sudden call. This is Thomas who ever took broom for you,—believe you will receive another mail with this letter. Mr. S—, I do not know what they are. But—put on the sheets as it was only what comes to my head

while working. Perhaps the words are stammered; the speeches are rough; and the thoughts are not cost a glance. Yet I could n't find any way but to beg your clement forgiveness as an uncivilized Jap, for I expect the perfection on some other day. Thus I have sent such a thing dare to you willing your words. If you would kindly give your straight advice and criticism for them, my gladness should be on top. In end I pray you to keep me secret but as a little brown Japanese laboring boy.

Yours very respectfully, — — —

The editor has respected the poet's request in regard to the suppression of his name, but gives his poems the benefit of publicity. One of the poems in this collection is called "Life."

Have n't you ever heard such a babe's question?
"How am I born, Pa?"
Don't you, Pa, laugh!
I see there a great lesson in Life
To which you should listen carefully.
So, though you have bold, straight face for that
ashamed and foolish,
What answer can you expect for him?
Oh! what answer can you expect but a sneer?

Have n't you ever heard such a babe's question?
"How am I born, Ma?"
Don't you, Ma, be blushed!
How do you reply this simple question?
How can you satisfy her without a lie?
Why don't you tell truth?
Why dare you teach the first falsehood to your
darling?
Oh, why should you have to deceive you of your-
self?

Our poet does not confine himself to domestic themes but launches forth on imperialism. Here is a part of his poem on that large subject:

Now let me see on America—the United States.
As you all know, she is proud of that she has Long-
fellow, the singer of peace, as her national
poet.

This single matter is enough to explain her Nature!
Hark! What did she cry first, when born three
hundred years ago?
"Give me Liberty,
Or give me Death!"
She wanted such a thing!
She did not want any milk.

Thus this country was born!
And she was brought up as born, peacefully, hap-
pily, and even and equally!
What a fair maiden was n't she?

Listen! Her children sing on the street:
 "My coun—try, 't is of thee
 Sweet land of lib—er—ty,
 Of thee I sing;



Photo by Elliot & Fry

MR. S. R. CROCKETT

Land where my fa—thers died,
 Land of the Pil—grims' pride,
 From ev—ry mount—ain side
 Let freedom ring."

Remember, however, the eighteen hundred and
 ninety-eighth year!

Since that age,

She has rejected her first desire,

She has forgotten her mother's sweet breast and
 father's strict treatment.

Finally she ran away, being bewildered with a
 temptation named Imperialism.

Now she is wandering afar over the Eastern sea.

She is not an original fair maiden any more!

The *Argonaut* is to be congratulated
 upon its discovery.



It is pleasant news that Mr. S. R.

Crockett has returned to the vein of
 "The Lilac Sunbonnet." "The Cherry
 Ribband," which is to be published in
 a few weeks by Messrs. A. S. Barnes &

Company, has been appearing
 serially in Dr. Robertson Nicoll's paper, *The Bookman*,
 where it has had a great success. *Apropos* of "The Cherry
 Ribband" it is rather interest-
 ing to know that the successor
 of "The Lilac Sunbonnet" has
 passed through the same hands
 which received the former book.
 When Mr. Crockett was un-
 known he sent over the manu-
 script of "The Lilac Sunbon-
 net" written in his own hand,
 and the manuscript was read by
 Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, who rec-
 ommended it for publication.
 Mr. Crockett's interest in his
 first book lead even to his read-
 ing the proofs, which were sent
 across the water and returned
 with various friendly messages.
 It seems that on learning that
 the successor of "The Lilac
 Sunbonnet," "The Cherry Rib-
 band," has also passed through
 Mr. Hitchcock's hands, Mr.
 Crockett wrote a very cordial
 letter, closing with "My kind-
 est regards to the man who
 liked my first written book."



Carmencita has again been
 dancing in New York. At first there
 was some doubt cast upon the matter
 of her identity. There were those
 who said it was not the Carmencita of
 old but some other Carmencita, to which
 Mr. Hammerstein replied that it was
 the only Carmencita that he knew of
 and the one that had danced in New
 York several years ago. The minute
 I read this paragraph I said to myself,
 "I will go to the Paradise Roof Garden
 and satisfy myself on the subject."
 Carmencita had no greater admirer than
 I when she was dancing in New York,
 and I saw her time and again. So
 I armed myself with my strongest
 opera-glass and sat through various ac-
 robatic and "rag-time" "turns" before
 the great and only Carmencita appeared.

I suppose that the dancer I saw was the Carmencita of old, but I do not feel as confident about it as I had expected to. She looked every day as young as when she last appeared in New York, if not younger, and she was fifty pounds lighter weight.

All the grace of her dancing is gone. The Carmencita that Sargent painted was not the Carmencita that I saw at the Paradise Roof Garden. She was just as beautiful, but the old poise of the head, the serpentine grace, were not there. She danced as the "show girls" dance. High kicking, skirt shaking, contortions, all the modern "stunts" that are called dancing were given, but nothing Spanish, nothing artistic, nothing graceful. And for the sake of old times I regret to say that little or no applause greeted her efforts. The Carmencita of old was a great dancer, and she danced in the manner of Spain; but no such gyrations as she went through the other night would have been countenanced in Spain for a single moment. I think that if Mr. Hammerstein had insisted upon her dancing the real Spanish dances as she used to dance them she would have found wider appreciation and that less doubt would have been cast upon her identity.



In the present number of THE CRITIC Miss Anne Hollingsworth Wharton begins a series of two papers on "Literary Philadelphia." There is no one who knows this subject better than Miss Wharton or who writes about it with greater charm; and the readers of THE CRITIC are to be congratulated. Miss Wharton, who recently returned from Italy, is spending the summer at Bryn Mawr, near Philadelphia. There with books and atmosphere at hand she is busily engaged upon a new volume along her special lines of research.



Bologna, the birthplace of the famous

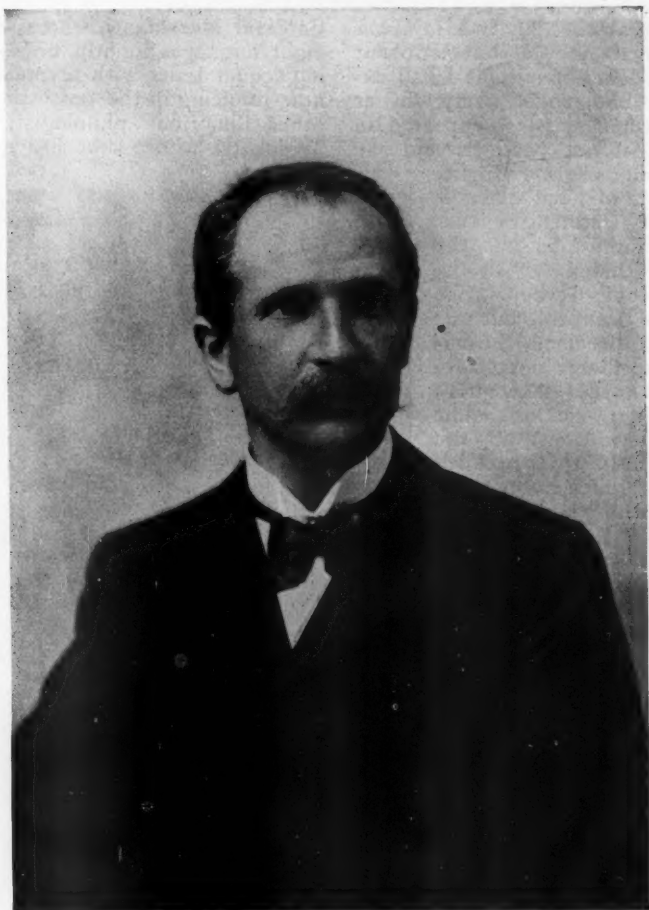
Cardinal Mezzofanti, who spoke fifty-eight languages fluently, besides a bowing acquaintance with several more, is now rejoicing in the possession of another illustrious philologist, Alfredo Trombetti, whose fame has risen sud-



Photo by Llias & Goldsary

MISS ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON

denly above the horizon. In 1903, through the Accademia dei Lincei, the principal learned society of Italy, King Victor Emmanuel III. offered a prize of ten thousand francs for the best work in the domain of philology. Among the treatises sent in was a book in five large volumes bearing the title "Nessi genealogici delle lingue del mondo antico." The judges found in it a rare sureness of judgment on the most widely differing languages, which were compared by an exceedingly ingenious method with the object of demonstrating the original unity of the



PROFESSOR TROMBETTI

two great linguistic families that have predominated in the history of civilization—the Aryan and the Semitic. Trombetti was dumfounded when he received the prize, and still more when he was appointed to a professorship in the University of Bologna.

It would be too much to say, and the author himself does not venture to assert [says Professor Ascoli in his report], that the attempt has been finally successful. None the less, Signor Trombetti has amassed a marvellous quantity of material from all quarters, and displayed a stupendous energy in mastering and analyzing it. Not a few of his discoveries are positively startling; and if he had done no more than facilitate for others the

study of the rare and extinct materials which he has collected, co-ordinated, and used for his conclusions, he would still have merited no common reward. And the man who has succeeded in accumulating all this treasure and dominating it with his genius was born and grew up amidst the most discouraging conditions, and has been obliged to support himself by the most humble tasks. The work which the Academy, on the unanimous report of the judges, is now crowning, is the fruit of a long series of incredible privations.

Born at Bologna in 1866, one of a large family in the narrowest circumstances, Trombetti had some elementary education in the common schools, and early displayed a great love of learning.

He taught himself to draw figures of landscapes of some merit without help.

One of my school companions [he tells us] showed me a French grammar one day. I liked the look of the book, and asked him to lend it to me. To my great surprise, inside of a few days I was able to understand "les mois de l'année," and other simple matters. I fell in love with the study, and learned French. Then I found a German grammar, bought it for five *soldi*, and set to work on it without letting myself be discouraged by what I had heard about the difficulties of the language. At the end of two months I was able to read Lessing.

At fifteen he knew French, German, and Russian; then he went on to Spanish and Portuguese, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. His father's death in 1880 cut off the slender resources of the family, and Alfredo went to work, first in a barber-shop and then with a jeweler. A friendly bookseller introduced him to Carducci and other learned men, and got him a scholarship of six hundred francs a year from the municipality. In his third year at the University, he took a wife, a girl of the people like himself, and now has six children. The needs of a family were almost enough to prohibit the purchase of books; yet he bought them, stealthily, as if it had been a vice. He wandered as a teacher through various parts of Italy, and lived an unknown life of study in little provincial towns, holding a position in the Liceo of Cuneo when his fortune came to him.

The work that won it for him dealt with the languages of the Old World; he is now preparing for similar research in those of the New, in the hope of demonstrating that they have a common origin with European tongues. This work will involve the study of more than three hundred languages and dialects. He has already accumulated a quantity of material, with the assistance of American scholars. Through the intervention of the Italian Ambassador, he has obtained a very valuable collection from the Bureau of Ethnology in Washington. The international interest which manifests itself in such practical ways is still, so rapid has been his rise into fame, a source of

perpetual amazement to the modest scholar, of the unconventional simplicity of whose life and manners many amusing stories are told. I am indebted for the facts in regard to Trombetti to Signor Raffaele Simboli, of Rome.

22

Mrs. E. C. Stedman, the wife of the poet, who died at her home in Lawrence Park, Bronxville, in July last, was a woman of unusual qualities. She was not a literary woman but she



THE LATE MRS. E. C. STEDMAN
(From a daguerreotype.)

was a cultivated woman and a woman with a natural literary taste. As far as I know she was never tempted to write, but she was a good critic and thoroughly appreciative of the best in literature. Her husband thought a great deal of her criticism and found it inspiring.

The Stedmans were married very young, neither of them being of age at the time. Their married life lasted over fifty years and was a happy one. Except when Mr. Stedman went to the Civil War as correspondent to the New York *Tribune*, I doubt if they were ever separated. When the Stedmans were first married Mr. Stedman bought the Winsted, Conn., *Herald* on credit, and made it pay its way from the start.

In the poet's published volumes one finds constant reference to his wife. None of his lines are better known or better loved than those addressed to "Laura, My Darling," which end:

Laura, my darling, the years which have flown
Brought few of the prizes I pledged to my own.
I said that no sorrow should roughen her way,—
Her life should be cloudless, a long summer's day.
Shadow and sunshine, thistles and flowers,
Which of the two, darling, most have been ours?
Yet to-night, by the smile on your lips, I can see
You are dreaming of me, darling, dreaming of me.

Laura, my darling, the stars, that we knew
In our youth, are still shining as tender and true;
The midnight is sounding its slumberous bell,
And I come to the one who has loved me so well.
Wake, darling, wake, for my vigil is done:
What shall dis sever our lives which are one?
Say, while the rose listens under her breath,
"Naught until death, darling, naught until death!"

The volume of his poems called "The Carib Sea" is dedicated by the poet to his wife. Here are three stanzas of the dedication:

TO L. H. S.

Love, these vagrant songs may woo you
Once again from winter's ruth,—
Once more quicken memories failing
Of those days when we went sailing,
Eager as when first I knew you,
Sailing after my lost youth.

My lost youth, for in my sight you
Had yourself forborne to change
Since that age when we, together,
Made such mock of wind and weather,
Sought alone what might delight you,—
Ah, how sweet, how far, how strange!

Yet, though scarcely else anear you
Than Tithonus to Aurore,
I am still by Time requited,
Still can vaunt, as when we plighted,
Sight to see you, ear to hear you,
Voice to sing you, if no more.

Mrs. Stedman was known and loved by a large circle. When she was younger and stronger she entertained most of the interesting people who came to New York; but as she grew older and her health became less robust

she entertained less extensively. But her door was always open, and friends and acquaintances were welcomed to "Casa Laura" at Lawrence Park. The portrait of Mrs. Stedman is from a daguerreotype taken at about the time of her marriage.

In a literary note sent out by a leading publishing house, I learn that one of its authors "is now cottaging at Newport." Will the verb "to cottage" now be added to our vocabulary?

The following intimate account of Miss Agnes Repplier is furnished by Miss Mathilde Weil:

It was some twenty years ago that Dr. William Furness, the pastor of one of the most prominent churches in Philadelphia and a man singularly quick to appreciate literary merit, inquired who the Boston woman was who was writing those delightful papers in the *Atlantic Monthly* under the signature of Agnes Repplier. "Boston woman!" was the reply. "Why, she's living just around the corner from you." Dr. Furness's mistake, while possibly characteristic of Philadelphia's failure to recognize her own celebrities until they have been vouched for by other cities, could hardly have occurred at the present day with the countless Philadelphians who shine proudly in the reflected glory of America's foremost essayist. It was a son of Dr. William Furness, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the well-known Shakespearian editor and critic, who introduced Miss Repplier so charmingly upon the occasion of the bestowal of the degree of Doctor of Letters upon her by the University of Pennsylvania in 1902.

During the past winter Miss Repplier, as president of the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia, added fresh laurels to her crown and gave to the club the most brilliant year in its history. This club is composed of men and women prominent in Philadelphia who meet on one evening of each month to hear a discussion of certain



Photo by Mathilde Weil

MISS AGNES REPPLIER

The Critic

selected topics of the day by the best known speakers on the subject that can be obtained. A long waiting list bears evidence to the popularity of the Contemporary, and the strictly limited in-

fore even so much as responded to a toast in public. Mr. James seemed not unnaturally somewhat embarrassed on the occasion of his maiden effort and confided to Miss Repplier at the



MME. MATHILDE WESENDONCK

(See page 216)

vitations to its meetings are eagerly sought. Miss Repplier was the first woman president, and she well vindicated the choice of the club and created a new standard for the office by the brilliancy and wit, the graciousness and charm with which she presided.

It was Miss Repplier who secured Mr. Henry James for one of the November meetings of the Contemporary, and for the first speech in public which he had ever made, as he had never be-

dinner which preceded the event that if she thought it would prepossess the audience at all in his favor, she might state that it was the first time he had ever attempted "to speak in public on the stage."

"I declined the privilege," said Miss Repplier, "because when I was taught to play bridge my teacher said as parting advice, 'Now go play, but never tell anyone you are a beginner, or they will be captious about everything you

do.' But when the paper was over and its success assured I informed the audience that Mr. James had been listening to the sound of his voice in public for the first time, just as we

To outsiders she might not go quite so far as Dr. Furness, who, when he received a letter from a total stranger in another city inquiring the date of his next Shakespearian reading, responded



RICHARD WAGNER IN 1851

(See page 216)

were." The success of that evening, however, was due no less to the presiding officer than to the principal speaker, so that it was not surprising that Mr. James shortly after in a letter to a Philadelphia friend inquired: "And how is the luminous Miss Repplier?"



The gayest of companions, Miss Repplier is also the warmest of friends, and few people possess so exalted a conception of friendship as she or respond so generously to its demands.

at once with two tickets and an invitation to spend the night at his house. "How could I do less?" he only asked, when his family expressed surprise.

To her friends, however, Miss Repplier is a never-failing fount of sympathy and affection. She will take the most inconceivable amount of trouble on their behalf and go to any length to serve them. Her morning hours are the only ones in which she can work with any comfort, yet she is more than patient under interruptions. To a young friend who had already usurped many of her precious moments

Das ist auch der Name des jungen Mordthuns;
Das sehen wir? ihm Gelächter aufstern,
Hochwachen hegeffen. (st.)

Lachs.

Jerum! Jerum!

Halla hallahe!

Oh! trallalei! O he! —

Als Loo aus dem Paradies
von Gold dem Herrn verlassen,
ger schlief in Schmerz der harte Kies
an ihrem Fuß dem blossen;
Das jammende den Herrn,
ihm Füßchen halt' er gesen;
und seinem Engel rief er zu
„Da mach den armen Sünderin Schuh“,
und da den Adam, wie ich seh!
an Kleinen doch ich stößt die Zeh,
dass recht forden
er wenden kann,
so muss' dem auch Stiefel an! —
Jerum! Jerum!
u. o. u. —

O Loo! Loo! schlimmes Weib!
Das hast du am Gewissen,
dass ob der Füß' am Menschenleib
jetzt Engel schustern müssen!
Bleibst du im Paradies,
Da gab es keinen Kies:
ob deiner jungen Missthat,
hand' hier! Oh jetzt mit Ah! und Dacht,

A FAC-SIMILE OF THE AUTOGRAPH OF RICHARD WAGNER

and who lingered protesting "I'm sure there was something else I wanted to say to you," Miss Repplier only patiently inquired, "Perhaps, my dear, it was good-bye?"



Although a Philadelphian born and bred, Miss Repplier has passed much of her life abroad. Two years ago she spent the winter in Italy and Southern France; and for next year she is planning a trip to Egypt with some friends, with a house-boat on the Nile and a yachting trip upon the Mediterranean as its principal features. Unlike most authors who have travelled a great deal Miss Repplier rarely writes anything connected with her travels, her works so far comprising six volumes of essays, her " Fireside Sphinx," and the volume on Philadelphia in the "Stories of Cities" series. Like most writers, Miss Repplier began with journalism, contributing half a column every week to the Sunday edition of the Philadelphia Times. The *Atlantic Monthly*, however, introduced her to her public. The magazine was at that time under the editorship of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who had a peculiar genius for finding out new authors instead of waiting as so many editors do until a reputation is made and then attempting to secure the author for their firm. It was Mr. Aldrich who discovered Amélie Rives and who was most enthusiastic over her story, "A Brother to Dragons." "She will never do anything better," he remarked then. "And she never did," he observed a few years ago.



It was Mr. Aldrich, too, who introduced Mrs. Joseph Pennell to the reading world, for her paper on "Mischief in the Middle Ages" was the first thing of any consequence that she wrote. Mrs. Pennell, it is interesting to note, is the original of Elizabeth in Miss Repplier's latest book, "Our Convent Days," which is to be published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. in November. The few friends who have had the privilege of reading it in manuscript form are more than enthu-

siastic in regard to it, and the excerpts from it which are appearing from time to time in the *Atlantic Monthly* have awakened so keenly the interest of the public that the appearance of the volume is awaited with the utmost impatience.

The book is for Miss Repplier an excursion into entirely fresh fields, being quite different in subject-matter from anything else she has written. It is made up from her reminiscences of her life in a convent school near Philadelphia, and though the name of the school is not given it is easily recognizable as the picturesque Eden Hall at Torresdale, where so many well-known women have received their education.



One of my chief objects in getting away from New York this summer, aside from the heat and the noise and the general disagreeableness, was to avoid hearing from every street corner the cry in various dialects:

"Here you are! The whole Damm family and the Damm dawg."

The absolute imbecility of the thing irritated me more than the heat. The perennial mechanical spider vendors rather amused than annoyed me with their oft-repeated:

"Don't be afraid of them—they're made in Mexico; hang 'em up and have some fun with 'em."

You might have some fun with the spiders, but who could be so sodden of wit as to see any fun in "the whole Damm family"! I hurried away from New York to get the cry out of my ears. Returning to town I picked up a copy of the morning *Herald* and saw this staring headline:

"DAMM FAMILY IN PLEASANT COMPANY."

Then after a few more lines the cast was given:

Coffer Damm.....	Mr. Louis Harrison
Mrs. Coffer Damm.....	Miss Stella Mayhew
Hans Hanzel.....	Mr. D. L. Don
Mrs. Hans Hanzel.....	Miss Maude Lambert
U. B. Damm.....	Mr. Henry Coote
Mrs. U. B. Damm.....	Miss Sue Stuart
I. B. Damm.....	Mr. Ed. Wilson

Mrs. I. B. Damm.....Miss Lillian Hudson
 Hebe Damm.....Mr. Diamond Donner
 Billy B. Damm.....Mr. William Torpey
 Baby Damm.....Miss Catherine Hayes
 Fatty Damm.....Miss Wilfred Gerdes
 The Damm Dog.....By Himself
 Jerry Tip.....Mr. A. Seymour Brown

The Damm family had been dramatized! Even for hot weather when our brains are not supposed to be at their best this is pretty enervating food and yet we are told that "Miss Mayhew scored a distinct hit" in it. Now I am waiting for someone to dramatize the Mexican spider. I am sure that whoever played the title rôle would "score."

A strange story, not unlike Mrs. Thurston's "Masquerader," has just come to light through the law courts of Rome. It seems that an eccentric nobleman by the name of Beniculli found a double in his valet. The men were so exactly alike that the valet was frequently called upon by his master to impersonate him at various social functions in Rome and elsewhere. It was at a ball in Rome that the valet met the Countess Beniculli, to whom he paid the most flattering attentions. It seems that the relations between the Count and Countess were strained and they had not lived together for several years. She was so pleased by the attentions of the man she believed to be her husband that a reconciliation was effected and they were reunited. Walking with the bogus Count one day, a peasant woman whom they met rushed up to the man, claimed him as her husband, and accused him of deserting her. The man's fright proved to the Countess that he was not what he claimed to be. She left him, returned to Rome, and in an agony of mind committed suicide. The real Count has had his valet arrested on the charge of having caused the death of the Countess Beniculli. Mrs. Thurston's tale had a less tragic ending.

Mr. Kipling's "Recessional" has been officially recognized by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and will

now be found in the new hymnal of that denomination. I wonder if Mr. Kipling's permission was asked. It is generally known that he objects most strenuously to having his verses set to music.

A valued correspondent writes:

"While re-reading Eckermann's 'Conversations of Goethe,' after the lapse of twenty years or more, I am struck with the following passage, under date of Feb. 21, 1827:

'Dined with Goethe. He spoke much, and with admiration, of Alexander von Humboldt, whose work on Cuba and Colombia he had begun to read, and whose views as to the project for making a passage through the Isthmus of Panama appeared to have a particular interest for him. "Humboldt," said Goethe, "has, with a great knowledge of his subject, given other points where the end may be perhaps better served than at Panama. All this is reserved for the future and for an enterprising spirit. So much, however, is certain, that, if they succeed in cutting such a canal, innumerable benefits would result to the whole human race, civilized and uncivilized. But I should wonder if the United States were to let an opportunity escape of getting such work into their own hands. It may be foreseen that this young state, with its decided tendencies to the West, will, in thirty or forty years, have occupied and peopled the large tract of land beyond the Rocky Mountains. It may furthermore be foreseen that, along the whole coast of the Pacific Ocean, where Nature has already formed the most capacious and secure harbors, important commercial towns will gradually arise, for the furtherance of a great intercourse with China and the East Indies. It would then be not only desirable but almost necessary for more rapid communication between the eastern and western shores of North America, both for merchant ships and men-of-war, than by the voyage round Cape Horn. It is therefore absolutely indispensable for the United States to effect a passage to the Pacific Ocean, and I am certain that they will do it.

"Would that I might live to see it!—but I shall not. I would like to see another thing—a junction of the Danube with the Rhine. But this undertaking is so gigantic that I have doubts of its completion, particularly when I consider our German resources. And, thirdly, and lastly, I should like to see England in the possession of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. Would I could live to see these three great works! It would be well worth the trouble to last some fifty years more for the very purpose."

The poet certainly had a remarkable prevision of the distant future; but only one of the great enterprises was accomplished within the fifty years. Another, the Panama Canal, is now in progress, and by the United States; and the feasibility of the third—the junction of the Rhine and Danube—is being again seriously discussed. "German resources" are now not unequal to the "gigantic undertaking."

The lady who elects to be known as the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," rather than by her own name, has entered a new field and will publish in the fall a novel which is described as "a story of love and passion," the scenes of which are laid mainly in Brittany. The plot is said to be a drama taken from real life. There is no reason why a writer who can make history so very entertaining should not prove a successful writer of fiction. From what I have heard of the novel it is thrilling and dramatic without being sensational.

Mr. Henry James's lectures, the one on "Balzac," and the other on "The Question of our Speech," after their appearance in the *Atlantic Monthly* will

be published in book form by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. Mr. James, by the way, is still in America, or was at this writing, and has been passing part of his summer as the guest of Mr. Howells at Kittery Point.

We are to have a biography of Anthony Froude which will be written by Mr. Herbert Paul. It seems that Froude left a considerable fragment of autobiography to which Mr. Paul has had access, besides a large number of letters. It is gratifying to learn that Mr. Paul will not touch upon the Froude-Carlyle affair.

Mr. Andrew Lang in writing to the *New York Evening Post* refers to Mr. George S. Viereck's article in the July number of *THE CRITIC* which casts a doubt upon the death of Oscar Wilde and intimates that he still lives and will come again.

He will not come again [says Mr. Lang]. It is the old myth, though told of a very strange hero. Another story is that the doctors attending this unhappy patient believed to have passed away, were talking, and said one to the other, "I think we shall not be paid for this." "No," said the patient, "I am dying beyond my means," and expired. This, also, I think, is a myth.

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, C.I.E., F.S.A.: A Personal Note

By W. G. PAULSON TOWNSEND

THE announcement that Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, C.I.E., Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, had resigned office in order to accept the appointment of Director of the Metropolitan Museum of New York was received with something approaching to consternation in the artistic circles of England. It seemed impossible that a man of his genius, capacity, and experience should leave the establishment to which he had

devoted almost the whole of his artistic life. The writer's intimate acquaintance with Sir Purdon Clarke and his work may render the following pages of interest to those who have not had the same privilege.

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, C.I.E., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and member of many of the learned societies of Europe, was born in 1846 at Richmond, in the County of Dublin, Ireland, his father being Mr. Edward

Marmaduke Clarke. He comes of a west-of-England stock that settled in Ireland a few generations ago.

In his early years Sir Purdon underwent a sound general education in France and elsewhere, after which he was trained as a practical architect. In 1862 he became a student at the National Art Training Schools at South Kensington and there achieved great distinction during his three years' course of instruction, winning amongst other things the National Medal for Architectural Design. It is interesting to note that in those days the Museum consisted of some ugly, barn-like buildings of insignificant extent known to the public as the "Brompton Boilers." Founded by Albert, Prince Consort, in 1856, this humble nucleus of the South Kensington Museum was practically an annex of the National Art Training School, and both were worked together to develop the manufacture of works of art by demonstrating what was really worth attempting in design. Little did the authorities dream of the phenomenal developments that the Museum was to undergo, or that the man was there who was destined to play such an important part in transforming the "Boilers," with its meagre collection of art objects, into the magnificent building now in course of erection, and the finest art collection in the world.

Finishing his course of training in 1865, Sir Purdon passed from the Training Schools to the Office of Works at Westminster, where he was employed to make a set of plans of the Houses of Parliament from actual measurement of the buildings, which had but recently been completed. No more fitting climax to a practical training could have been devised, and when this task was finished he was transferred to the Works Department of the South Kensington Museum as Assistant Architect. There he was engaged on the plans of the new buildings that formed a considerable extension of the "Boilers." The branch of the Museum known as the Bethnal Green Museum owed much of its planning to his talent, which was about to be broadened, developed, and strengthened by study of foreign work.

About 1869 he was sent to Italy to superintend the reproduction of mosaics in Venice and in Rome, where he completely mastered the technicalities of that ancient and glorious art. After Italy, he went to Egypt, where in 1872 he might have been found at work on the decorations of St. Mark's Church at Alexandria.

It was probably when he was in Egypt that he "heard the East a-calling," for two years later he was living at Teheran in Persia, having gone there to complete the buildings of the British Embassy, and to make a plan of the consulate property in the town. Henceforth things Eastern were to play a large part in his life.

In 1876 and the following year he was travelling for the Museum in Italy and in Turkey, where fresh experience was gained. He had in the meantime become famous as a specialist in Eastern architecture, and when the Royal Commission of the Paris Exhibition of 1878 was formed he received the appointment of architect to that body. In that capacity he designed the pavilion containing the presents made by the Princes of India to King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales. The building was well worthy of the royal gifts it showed to such advantage, and its architect was at the same time appointed agent to the Indian Government for the Exhibition. After this success, the talent of Sir Purdon was largely employed in the creation of the different exhibitions held in London, such as the "Fisheries," the "Healtheries," and the "Indian Exhibition." In the last named the Indian town was altogether his work, and was the finest thing of its kind ever seen. Than he, no man has had more experience in the arrangement and management of the great industrial exhibitions, and there was nothing that showed his capacity in this rôle better than the Indian section of the latest Paris Exhibition, of 1900. In this exhibition he was not only one of the Royal Commissioners for Great Britain, but a juror as well, and in 1904 he was appointed one of the Royal Commissioners for the exhibition at St. Louis.

So much for his general public services; and when we add to these his many archæological articles in different magazines, papers on applied art, etc., lectures at the Society of Arts, at the Royal Institute of British Architects, at the Iron and Steel Institute (where he dealt with Indian cuttings), at the Birmingham Town Hall, the Walker Gallery at Liverpool, at Stratford-on-Avon, at the Bourse, at Vienna, and at many other places, we gain some inkling of what a full life his has been.

The subject of this memoir dates his connection with the South Kensington Museum from the year 1862. Between that date and 1876 he was in constant touch with the establishment, although not permanently employed there. In the latter year he was travelling in the interests of the Museum in Italy and in Turkey, securing many invaluable objects of native art. He became the valued friend of Sir Woolaston Franks, of the British Museum, and other connoisseurs, to whose patriotic zeal and love for the beautiful we owe most of the masterpieces of applied art now in England. To Sir Purdon's travels the Museum stands indebted for many of its choicest treasures of Eastern workmanship.

In 1880 he was engaged to rearrange the Indian collection of the South Kensington Museum. To those who have visited the collection only of late years, it is impossible to demonstrate the stupendous nature of the task. Slowly and surely order began to assert itself as object after object was set up in its due place, according to chronology, country of origin, and the material of which it was made. Now, the merest tyro in passing through the Indian Museum may without difficulty gain a clear estimate of the progress of the arts of India, Turkey, and the Eastern countries generally. In the end of the year Sir Purdon went to India, where he remained for two years. There he was ever at home, and to the native craftsman he was a trusty friend. There is no secret of Eastern craft, however cunning it may be, that is not known to Sir Purdon. He has the rare gift of instilling into

the minds of Eastern men a feeling of trust and of good-fellowship, that has unlocked to him the portal of many a guarded secret in art work. This was his protection in India and Persia when searching for treasures of art in the bazars of almost unknown towns. To the ordinary agent such an undertaking has a strong element of danger in it, especially when the objects have a place in the religion of either Hindoos or Mohammedans. Some of the treasures acquired by Sir Purdon in his Eastern expeditions are priceless now, and are the envy of all the nations,—notably pieces of jewelry, rare enamels, and fabrics. Above all is the ceramic collection a valuable one, representing nearly all the varieties of the art of the Eastern potter. With his training as an architect Sir Purdon has been able to understand the architecture of the East as few men are capable of doing, and has devoted much attention to a study of the ancient monuments of India and Persia, making records of many remains of the early Mohammedan period.

The office of Keeper of the Indian Section of the Museum becoming vacant in 1882 the position was offered to Sir Purdon, who upon his return from India was invested with the Companionship of the Indian Empire. He entered upon his duties at South Kensington with characteristic energy, completing the rearrangement of his department, augmenting its objects, and increasing its general usefulness to the student, manufacturer, and general public. In addition to his Museum duties he was given the task of organizing the Indian Section of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in London, this involving a visit to India. In 1892 he was appointed Chief Keeper of the Museum, in 1893 he became Assistant Director, and in 1896, upon the death of Dr. Middleton, Sir Purdon was offered the Directorship. The appointment was hailed with enthusiastic delight by all; it was felt that, for once, the right man had been put in the right place.

Prior to his appointment matters had not been satisfactory in regard to the

relationship of the Museum and the authorities at Whitehall. The Museum at that time was under the management of the Committee of Council of Education, and in consequence of many complaints and allegations a royal commission was empowered to make full inquiry into alleged tyrannical practices or unfair treatment and undue interference by the secretaries at Whitehall. The sessions were held during the early part of Sir Purdon's directorate, and the evidence disclosed was rather significant, although, like most of its fellows, the commission was not productive of much practical result.

As Director, Sir Purdon was called into a wider sphere of activity in museum work, and his influence was soon apparent in the organization of the general staff and arrangement of the exhibits in the different halls, while more attention was paid to securing good specimens of ancient and middle-age English art work. Casts of ceilings, etc., from provincial England began to make their appearance. The training of assistant keepers was better organized. Instead of receiving a general smattering of slipshod information concerning every style and manner of applied art under the sun, each assistant was advised to apply himself to a particular section, such as woven materials, or furniture. He had thus the opportunity of becoming an expert in time.

The circulation department owes a great deal to the advice of Sir Purdon. This branch of the Museum really constitutes a separate body. In the charge of its keeper is an enormous collection of art objects, plaster casts, and photographs and books that are circulated freely through the provinces. The influence of this upon general design in manufacture has been the means of lifting English art-work into the high position it now holds. Amongst its minor functions the Museum is to a slight extent an inquiry office where people who have the good fortune to possess objects of art may ascertain what these really are, and in this way very valuable articles are often rescued from obscurity. Aid in this matter is freely given. The Director was mainly

responsible for the recovery of the famous tapestries at Hardwicke Hall, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. These had been cut up and tacked on the walls of a gallery some three hundred years ago, but Sir Purdon so impressed the Duke with his enthusiasm, that the walls were stripped of their ancient covering, which was carefully collated at South Kensington, and Sir Purdon gratuitously gave his services as adviser in restoring the hangings. The tapestries are now the finest of their kind. In a like manner he rescued the fine Tudor-rose tapestries belonging to Winchester College, causing a duplicate to be executed in stained cloth to be placed in the Museum for educational purposes. As a practical architect, having unrivalled experience in the construction of many exhibition buildings, the advice of the Director must have carried great weight in regard to the construction of the new buildings now in course of erection. In two years more these will be finished, and the Museum will be provided with ample space for the exhibition of its collections. It is unfortunate that the person qualified above all others to undertake the rearrangement of the exhibits will not be available.

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, usually styled "Sir Purdon," is a man of great personal charm, which becomes fascination when he is speaking about something appertaining to applied or fine art. He has an intimate knowledge of the technical methods of all the crafts; in short, he knows how everything was made, be it Gothic, Indian, Peruvian, or ancient Greek. He has made a pet study of chemistry, has studied science generally, and is famous in Europe as an antiquary and archæologist. As an architect his works speak for him. There is nothing of the bigot in his nature: he is fond of every style of art, and one of his characteristics is that he is a staunch upholder of the claims of England as an art-producing country in the Middle Ages. He received the honor of knighthood in 1902, but now, as then, he is accessible to all men, with the same cheerful word for king or laborer. Such is the man.

The task he is called upon to perform at a time of life when most of his fellows retire on a comfortable pension is a formidable one. Judging from the newspaper reports, the Metropolitan Museum is in an unsatisfactory state, and the first thing to be done is to reorganize it. This will mean the arrangement of the exhibits into a series of departments under the headings of textiles, furniture, sculpture, etc., and each department must be under the care of an official well equipped in special knowledge of his subject. This may be done in more ways than one. There is the old system of giving such positions to qualified experts in the various branches of applied art, leaving them to do as little clerical work as possible, each man being responsible to the Director only. Another way is to appoint good business men with no special art knowledge, and whenever occasion arises call in the services of an expert in the particular subject. The medium method is that now in operation at South Kensington. The officer upon appointment may have little knowledge of art, only enough to pass his entrance examination. He is attached to some division of applied art, such as goldsmith's work or pottery, and by much study in the course of time becomes an expert. This plan has not been in operation long enough to justify any opinion as to its success or the contrary. Certainly the budding expert must have a busy life, if he earns the wages paid him and pursues his individual study in the same official day. It will be interesting to learn which system the corporation of the Metropolitan Museum of Art will sanction.

The plan of the museum is to be enlarged and to be made more comprehensive; as we say, there is to be a more "all-round" collection. This is an affair of time and judicious selection; perhaps, also, the elimination of some objects, such as are, unfortunately, to be found in all museums; and here the new Director will be invaluable. No man knows more than he how to arrange things in their order

of importance and in their places as befits chronological order and locality of manufacture, and we may expect in a short time to see the Metropolitan Museum set out with all the precision of the Indian Section of the South Kensington Museum.

This of itself is not sufficient, and without other elements a museum becomes merely a cemetery of dead art. The local designers and manufacturers must be brought into touch with the spirit that animated the men who designed or executed the masterpieces in the Museum. In short, it must prove a source of inspiration, and perhaps of correction, to the local art. The effect of the circulation throughout the length and breadth of England of objects of educational value in design has been to inspire, stimulate, and purify the national taste, and something of the kind might be attempted in America. The Art Library at South Kensington would furnish another model that could be easily improved upon, seeing that the Metropolitan Museum has a gift of money especially devoted to the purchase of books, etc.

It ought to be very easy, also, to form a more complete collection of early American work than already exists. The prehistoric work, the pottery, cloths, and other products of the American Indian might have more attention than they now receive. But, above all,—and here I think the new Director will be with me,—it is necessary to have a magnificent collection of the American arts from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century. The architecture and applied art of that period in America have lain under a veil which has been but lately slightly raised. The position is analogous to that under which the art of England existed until Sir Purdon Clarke with others boldly championed it, and what he has done for English art he may accomplish for American. The Metropolitan Museum, with its coming Director, its enormous amount of money available for the purchase of objects, and its wealthy and art-loving corporation, ought in time to become the finest in the world.

The Inspiration of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde"

By JEANNETTE L. GILDER

THOSE of us who do not read German with facility have been waiting impatiently for the English translation of the letters of Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonck, which are now offered to the English-reading public through the translation of Mr. William Ashton Ellis. In German, and later in French, these letters have made their way in fragments across the ocean. Now we have them in their entirety, and no lover of the greatest modern master of music should fail to read them. In all of Wagner's writings we become intimate with him; we see him as he saw himself; he dipped his pen into his heart and wrote.

The introduction to these letters is a letter from Wagner to his sister, Clara Wolfram, dated August, 1858, some seven years after his acquaintance with the Wesendoncks began. I may say parenthetically that Otto Wesendonck, the husband of Mathilde, was in Germany as the representative of a large New York manufacturing house. It was in 1851, at Zurich, that Wagner met the Wesendoncks. He was then writing the "Ring des Nibelungen," but it was not until two years later that he formed an intimate friendship with the family,—as intimate with the husband, apparently, as with the wife. The friendship began innocently enough, but it became an absorbing passion before very long.

To return to the introductory letter. It should be remembered that Wagner was married at this time to his first wife, Minna Planer. She was an actress, playing at a theatre at Magdeburg, when Wagner met her and married her. He was twenty-one and she twenty-five, and trouble between them seems to have commenced almost immediately. The letter to his sister was written in August, 1858, and is devoted entirely to his relations with and feeling towards Madame Wesendonck:

What for six years past has supported, comforted, and strengthened me withal to stay by Minna's side, despite the enormous differences of our character and disposition, is the love of that young gentlewoman [Mme. Wesendonck] who at first and for long approached me shyly, diffidently, hesitant, and timid, but thereafter more and more decidedly and surely.

She was married and there could be no talk of a union between them. "Our deep attachment took that wistful character which holds all base and vulgar thoughts aloof, and discerns its only source of gladness in the welfare of each other."

The sentiment that existed between Wagner and Madame Wesendonck was, naturally, as evident to the lady's husband as it was to her friends. She, however, concealed nothing from him, but "courageously" told him just how she felt towards their friend. It was, writes Wagner, only natural that, "in view of his wife's outspokenness to him," he should "fall into increasing jealousy; but her grandeur has consisted in this,—that, always keeping her husband informed about her heart, she gradually attuned him even to the fullest resignation toward her."

Wesendonck seems to have accepted his "renunciant position."

Thus, whereas he was consumed with jealousy himself, she was able so to interest him in me again, that—as you are aware—he oftentimes assisted me; and when it became at last a question of procuring me a little house with garden after my own wish, it was she who by dint of the most unheard-of battles won him round to buy for me the pretty premises beside his own.

Wagner was not to know of the jealousy that might be consuming the husband.

Not a black look was to enlighten me, not a hair of my head to be touched,—serene and cloudless should the sky envault me, soft and yielding be my every tread. This the unparalleled result of this purest, noblest woman's splendid love.

This love of Madame Wesendonck and Wagner was up to the present time unspoken, but finally

cast aside its veil when I penned the poem of my Tristan just a year ago, and gave it to her. Then for the first time did she lose her self-control, and confess to me that she must die! Reflect, dear sister, what this love must have meant to me, after a life of toils and sufferings, of sacrifices and commotions, such as mine! Yet we recognized forthwith that any union between us could not be so much as thought of, and were accordingly resigned; renouncing every selfish wish, we suffered, endured, but—loved each other!

Frau Minna, to whom no confidences had been given, "with shrewd feminine instinct," seemed to understand what was going on; she showed some jealousy, yet

she tolerated our companionship,—which on its side never violated morals, but simply aimed at consciousness that we were in each other's presence. Consequently I assumed Minna to be sensible enough to comprehend that there was strictly nothing here for her to fear, since an alliance was not to be dreamt of between us, and therefore that forbearance was her best and most advisable resource. Well, I have had to learn that I had probably deceived myself in that respect; chatter reached my ears, and finally she so far lost her senses as to intercept a letter from myself and—break it open. That letter, if she had been in anything like a position to understand it, might really have afforded her the completest reassurance she could wish, for our resignation formed *its* theme as well; but she went by nothing save the endearing expressions, and lost her head. She came up to me raving, and thus compelled me calmly to explain to her precisely how things stood, that she had brought misfortune on herself when she opened such a letter, and that if she did not know how to contain herself, we two must part. On the last point we were both agreed, I tranquilly, she passionately. Next day, however, I felt sorry for her; I went to her and said: "Minna, you are very ill; get well first, and let us have another talk then." We arranged the plan of a (medical) cure, and she seemed to quiet down again. As the day of departure for the place of cure drew near, she insisted upon speaking to the Wesendonck first: I firmly forbade her to. Everything depended on my making Minna gradually acquainted with the character of my relations to that lady, and thus convincing her that there was nothing at all to be feared for the continuance of our wedded life, wherefore she simply ought to

behave wisely, sensibly, and nobly, abjure all foolish thoughts of vengeance, and avoid any manner of fuss; which she promised me at last. She could not hold her peace, however; she went across, behind my back, and—doubtless without realizing it herself—affronted the gentle soul most grossly. After she had told her, "Were I an ordinary woman, I should take this letter to your husband!" there was nothing else for the Wesendonck—who was conscious of having never kept a secret from her husband (which a woman like Minna, of course, can't comprehend!)—but to inform him at once of this scene and its cause. Herewith, then, had the delicacy and purity of our relations been invaded in a coarse and vulgar way, and many a thing must alter. Not for a long time could I succeed in making it clear to my lady-friend that the very highness and unselfishness of such relations, as subsisted between us, made them forever impossible of explanation to a nature like my wife's; for I was silenced by her grave reproach that I had omitted this, whereas she had always had her husband for her confidant.

In the meantime Minna's health broke down and Wagner sent her to a health resort and himself broke off association with the Wesendoncks while his wife was away. He also "tried every possible means of bringing her to reason and recognition of what be-seemed her and her time of life—in vain!" Minna, it seemed, was "incapable of comprehending what an unhappy wedlock ours has ever been." Her husband felt that she lost a finer opportunity of showing herself worthy to be his wife by countenancing his affair with Madame Wesendonck. "It lay within her hand to prove if she truly loved me; but she does not even understand what such true love is, and her rage transports her over all."

But Wagner in his large way forgives her on account of her illness, though he thinks this might have taken on a milder character.

Further, the many adversities she has survived with me, and over which I have been lightly borne by my inner genius (which unfortunately I have never been able to communicate to her!), make me considerate towards her; I should like to give her as little pain as possible, since, after all, I'm truly sorry for her! Only, I feel unequal to enduring by her side henceforth; neither could I help her in herself by doing so: I should always be incomprehensible to her and an object of suspicion.

There seemed to be nothing for it but a separation, but, "a passing separation." And he writes to his sister to do what she can to make Minna "calm and reasonable." She would, he adds, "have been happier with a lesser man"; and so urges his sister to take pity on her.

Madame Wolfram apparently appreciated the situation and took it upon herself to explain matters to her sister-in-law, who, however, was not to be pacified. In the meantime Wagner was writing his immortal music.

The main part of this book is given up to Wagner's diaries and letters. From time to time he separated himself from Madame Wesendonck, but wrote her most impassioned letters. Here is part of one from Zurich:

When a month gone by I told thy husband my resolve to break off personal-commune with you I had—given thee up, albeit I was not yet altogether whole in that. For I merely felt that nothing save a total separation, or—a total union, could secure our love against the terrible collisions to which we had seen it exposed in these latter times. Thus the sense of the necessity of our parting was haunted by the possibility—present to the mind, if not to the will—of union. In that still lay a rack-ing suspense which neither of us could bear. I approached thee, and clear as day it stood before us, that that other possibility involved a crime which could not be so much as thought of.

Apparently his diaries were intended for her reading because they seem to be addressed to her. In his Venice diary he writes:

To save thee to me, means to save me to my art. With it—to live for thy consolement; that is my mission, that fits with my nature, my fate, my will,—my love. Thus am I thine; thus, too, shalt thou get well through me! Here will the "Tristan" be completed—a defiance to all the raging of the world. And with that, if I may, shall I return to see thee, comfort thee, to make thee happy; there looms my fairest, my most sacred wish. So be it! Sir Tristan, Lady Isolde! help me, help my angel! Here shall your wounds cease bleeding, here shall they heal and close. From here shall the world once learn the sublime and noble stress of highest love, the plaints of agonizing joy. And august as a god, serene and hale, shalt thou then behold me back, thy lowly friend!

The entry in the Venice diary, Sep-

tember 18th, would seem to show that their love had not always been on the high ideal plane of which he writes to his sister:

A year gone by to-day I finished the poem of "Tristan" and brought thee its last act, thou led'st me to the chair before the sofa, placedst thy arm around me and saidst: "I no more have a wish!"

On this day, at this hour, was I born anew.—Until then was my before-life; from then began my after-life; in that wondrous instant alone did I live. Thou know'st how I spent it? In no tumult of intoxication; but solemnly, profoundly penetrated by a soothing warmth, free as if looking on eternity. I had been painfully, but more and more definitely detaching myself from the world; all had turned to negation in me, to warding off. Painful was even my artistry; for it was a longing, an un-stilled longing, to find for that negation, that warding off—the positive, affirmative, self-wedding-to-me. That instant gave it me, with so infallible a certitude that a hallowed standstill came o'er me. A gracious woman, shy and diffident, had taken heart to cast herself into a sea of griefs and sorrows, to shape for me that precious instant when she said: I love thee! Thus didst thou vow thyself to death, to give me life; thus did I receive thy life, thenceforward from the world to part with thee, to suffer with thee, die with thee.—At once the spell of longing was dissolved!—And this one thing thou knowest too, that ne'er since have I been at variance with myself. Perplexity and pang might come to us; even thyself might'st be swept by an eddy of passion;—but I—thou know'st!—remained ever the same; never, by never so awful a moment, could my love to thee be reft of its fragrance, were it but of one minutest film. All bitterness had vanished from me; I might mistake, feel pained or tortured, but ever it stayed clear as day to me that thy love was my highest possession, and without it my existence must be a contradiction of itself.—

Thanks to thee, thou gracious, loving angel!—

As he writes along in his diary he laments his own early marriage, and early marriages in general.

Yet it is just like everything in Nature: for the individual she holds misery, death, and despair, in readiness, and leaves him to lift himself above them by his highest effort of resignation; she cannot prevent that succeeding, but looks on in amazement, and says perhaps: "Is that what I really willed?"

Wagner's appreciation of his "Tristan" seems to be that of the public. He writes in his diary:

Inspiration for Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" 219

I'm in the second act still, but—what music it's becoming! I could work my whole life long at this music alone. Oh, it grows deep and fair, and the sublimest marvels fit so supply to the sense; I have never made a thing like this! But I also am melting away in this music; I'll hear of no more, when it's finished. In it will I live for aye, and with me—

After the episode of the embrace Madame Wesendonck was overcome with remorse and melancholy, and in her unhappiness she wrote some poems, which she sent to Wagner and which he set to music "for a woman's voice." And the melody of this music served as the theme for the love duet in the second act of "Tristan." Writing of this opera from Paris, he says:

The "Tristan" is as great wonder to myself as ever. It is becoming more and more inscrutable to me, how I was able to create a thing like that; upon reading it through again, alike my eye and ear went wide agape! How terribly I shall have to pay for this work some day, if I mean to place it whole before me!

Wagner continued his friendship with Madame Wesendonck, corresponding with her constantly, though he seldom saw her. In the meantime the unreasonable Minna died, and Wagner married Madame von Bulow, who apparently was just the sort of a wife he needed. He was proud of her and she of him, and six years after they were married he took her to visit the Wesendoncks!

In the course of these letters and diaries, Wagner occasionally writes about other things than himself or

Madame Wesendonck. He speaks of Ristori, whom he saw act in Venice. She pleased him, but he criticises her "abrupt leaps from sophisticated prose to almost animally plastic passion." And he writes of Schiller, whose poetry he reads again and again:

With him I'm uncommonly fond of consorting now; Goethe has had a hard job to hold his own beside this intensely sympathetic nature. How everything here is pure ardour for knowledge! One fancies, this man never existed at all, but was simply always on the watch for intellectual light and warmth.

He refers frequently to Liszt, who deeply sympathizes with his Wesendonck relations:

From this beautiful experience I learn that I have not to repent my recognition of the impossibility of a perfect friendship such as floats before us as ideal; since it has by no means made me insusceptible, but, on the contrary, all the more grateful and sensible to what presents itself as some approach to that ideal. Between Liszt's intelligential character and my own there is so great and essential a difference, that the difficulty—I must believe, in fact, impossibility—of making myself understood of him, often tortures me and drives me into bitter irony; but here love steps so beautifully in, with its very own allowances and satisfactions, that I'm half inclined to think warm friendship possible 'twixt man and man only when their modes of view are different.

Of Von Bulow he writes occasionally, describing his devotion,—a devotion, it may be added, that was not lessened when Wagner married Von Bulow's wife, whom he hastened to introduce to Mme. Wesendonck.



Quatrains

By A. T. SCHUMANN

Keats

I

EACH word he wrote dripped with his great heart's blood,
Each joy-thought had a sorrow in its tone;
Briefly he reveled in brave poesy's flood—
Death found him ere his marvelous youth was flown.

II

He dipped his pen in flowers various-hued,
We feel the color in each verse he wrote;
As daisies mostly on his page he strewed,
Over his mound their tutelar spirits float.

Shelley

HE sent out paper boats on the rough lake,
And watched them from the shore with childish glee.
How odd that he that last dim sail should take
To find Poseidon 'neath the swirling sea.

Lines to a Literary Friend

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I DEARLY love your books, O treasured friend,
And ever shall until the very end,
Not for the tales they tell, though fine they be,
But for the reason that I seem to see
E'en as I read betwixt their levelled lines
The rare sweet smile that e'er so kindly shines
Upon your well-loved face when we do meet—
The smile of friendship, true, sincere, and sweet.
However slight they be I still rejoice,
For every paragraph rings with your voice—
Its mellow cadences and silver tone
Forbid that reading I shall be alone;
And as they stand there on their special shelf,
They seem so radiant of that radiant self,
That oftentimes from work I have to do
I glance away and greet them as 't were you!

The Sane Reader

By ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE

HAVE you had recent occasion to consult the card-catalogue of any large library under the general theme of Books? If so, you have noted, with a sense of mental weariness, the scores and scores of books about books, advice under direct and suggestive titles on "What to Read?" with many alluring sign-boards indicating cross-country cuts to mental and spiritual culture. Too much advice, however sage, is burdensome and reacts in reckless independence. That mental comrade, so dear to Goldsmith and Thackeray, "The Gentle Reader," has been revived for our emulation by Dr. Crothers. He is a delightful model, like the Gentleman and Gentlewoman of the Old School, well portrayed in rhyme by Mr. Dobson; we would gladly see these types re-enthroned for a restful interval. To meet the needs and conflicting aspirations of the present day, however, "The Sane Reader" is a more helpful guide. He may be gentle, he will be sympathetic, he must be judicious in both indulgence and self-denial. Amid the depressing mass of reading-matter he will, first of all, apply Carlyle's forceful imagery and separate all books into "sheep and goats." The sheep are so numerous, so tempting in their appeals to tastes and moods, that dismay seizes us at the thought of ever reading any large proportion of the worthy books of the past, while "to keep in touch" with current literature, of passing or permanent merit, suggests a race between a slow pedestrian and an automobile at full speed. Many a college graduate whose innate love for books has not been wholly stifled by the analytic study of literature, looking over a list of "one hundred books which everyone should read," confesses, if he is candid, that many of them are unfamiliar to him in their entirety, while there are others which he has not the slightest desire to open. Why hesitate to make such a confession? Often, in later life, the books which we earlier regarded

with indifference or as positive bores will become vital companions. Reading must be in accord with seasons of growth in the outer world and in our inner natures.

Eliminating, for the time, all thoughts of academic or professional research and confining his reading to that which will give nurture or enjoyment, the sane reader will choose as carefully *when* to read as *what* to read. He will know when *all* books are to be avoided. Thoreau, lover of books as well as seer of nature, appreciated this mood of abstinence:

Tell Shakespeare to attend some leisure hour,
For now I've business with this drop of dew,
And see you not, the clouds prepare a shower,—
I'll meet him shortly when the sky is blue.

The statesman-scholar, Charles Fox, said truly: "Nothing is more delightful than to lie under a tree in summer with a book, except to lie under a tree in summer without a book." There are times when the well-trained mind urges one to get away from the printed page; there are hours when a walk in the country or an hour of reverie on one of "the full-starr'd nights" is the true mental refreshment, the best tonic for tired nerves and baffled soul.

Rejecting all books at certain times, the sane reader will exercise temperance at all times. Our mental natures, no less than our physical, seem often condemned to the unassimilated results of a series of "quick lunches." To read only such portions of a book as are of enjoyment or service to him is a wise custom in nearly all cases. Such a suggestion is contrary to the doctrines of our grandfathers and may seem, at first thought, to foster surface-reading. To read only relevant portions is quite distinct from "skimming." Too much of the latter tendency, defensible under certain conditions, has been caused by the old-time fallacy that if one began a book he must finish it, however un-

wholesome and useless it might prove for his tastes and needs. Fortunately, this absurd, often harmful, notion has gone, in company with its analogous precept that a child should be compelled to finish all the food upon its plate, in spite of any repulsion or satiety of outraged nature.

To gain the most perfect results from reading, we will choose in harmony with time and place, in accord with the moods of the mind and heart, in touch with the seasons and their messages. Samuel Johnson said many wise words about books. One of his suggestions deserves more than a passing smile if we aspire to literary sanity and effectiveness. The plan is to arrange private libraries, in actuality or memory, according to different periods of the year and the varying moods of the reader. We laugh at the story of the maid who, commissioned to dust the books, rearranged all the rows in similar colors of bindery, the reds by the greens, the blues by the browns, thinking thus to increase the harmony of appearance. We are scarcely less awry in our ideas of harmony when we carefully place the luxurious bindings or the latest of the "best-selling books" in the centre of the shelves, relegating the more sombre classics to the corners and behind the hinges. If, as a mere experiment, our books should be arranged with regard to their particular seasons of service, we might gain a new insight into the true value of reading. Thus with Ruskin one might discover that "every book in his library is a favorite in its own way and time."

Is it only a visionary scheme to take from their places, as each season approaches, three or more volumes of prose and poetry which reflect Nature's prevailing mood and place them on our library-table, where they may, at least, enjoy the equivocal distinction of "the spare minute book"? Is winter upon us? Then we need reading that will rebuke illogical complaints and bring us in contact with the true spirit of the season, the time of latent energy as well as rest, of preparation, not of inertia. Whittier interprets this mood in his merry challenge to "The Frost Spirit,"

George Meredith phrased it in his "Spirit of Earth in Autumn":

Oh, Mother Nature! teach me, like thee,
To kiss the Season, and shun regrets.

There are times when one craves and should indulge in reading which will refresh by its very contrast to immediate environment. There is more than newspaper pleasantries in the tale of the poet who writes his "Ode to June" during a fierce December blizzard or the reader who finds his cooling solace on a sweltering day in fanciful enjoyment of "a tumultuous privacy of storm." In such perversity of sentiment Mr. Aldrich rhymes:

Because the sky is blue; because blithe May
Masks in the wren's note and the lilac's hue;
Because—in fine, because the sky is blue
I will read none but piteous tales to-day,
Keep happy laughter till the skies be gray,
And the sad season cypress wears and rue.

Our grandmothers, in recognition of this charm of summer amid wintry winds, kept alive geraniums and oxalis in the sitting-room windows. We are pampered with roses and daffodils through the year, but they are exotics and lessen no whit our intense delight at the first shy wood-violet or sprig of arbutus. On this thought, as on many another, Shakespeare is the sane teacher:

Why should proud summer boast
Before the birds have cause to sing?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;
But like of each thing that in season grows.

There may be a charm of the exotic, likewise, in poems and sketches of nature read in contrasting seasons. "The Compleat Angler" may arouse special zest when the ponds are ice-bound; "Little Brothers of the Air" may seem happiest comrades when the wee snow-birds and sparrows are almost the only representatives of their race in our vicinity. General experience, however, is to the contrary,—the sane reader selects the books and poems which help him to interpret most perfectly the

secrets and beauties of the current season. A few authors have so incarnated themselves with all moods and periods of nature that they may remain on one's library-table throughout the year. Such, with scientific insight and spiritual message for each passing season, were Saint Francis and Gilbert White, Thomson and Thoreau. Of later date there is the dainty idyl of love and nature in "A Kentucky Cardinal" or Bradford Torrey's "Clerk of the Woods."

Much has been written against encouragement to moods. Moodiness and vagaries are distinct from the natural flux and ebb of normal spirits. In humanity, moods are as inevitable as they are in nature; within proper limits they deserve indulgence and training. Nature is turbulent and sere as well as calm and sunshiny. To minister to mental and emotional moods, to recover them from tendencies towards extravagance and brooding, is the mission of the best literature. There are volumes which should be classified mentally, which satisfy and clarify the mental and spiritual impulses, whether the mood be that of activity or depression, ferment or lethargy. Biographies from Plutarch to the scores of contemporaneous issues are adapted to the hours of acquisitive energy of mind. To satisfy mental hunger and, at the same time, to accentuate the possibilities for every reader, there is vital stimulus in such lives and letters as those of Huxley and Romanes, Stevenson and Parkman. Travel books, studies of sociological problems, like "Americans in Process" or "Character-Building," history and wholesome romance of past or present, minister to the moods of energy and acquisition.

For the mind that is jaded or depressed, no less than for the hours when imagination is in the ascendancy, the poets are our best comrades. Choosing some noble poem,—epic, elegy, or lyric,—which is in general accord with one's mood, will unconsciously broaden the mind and sympathies, will readjust the seeming contradiction between the real and the ideal and restore emotional or spiritual poise.

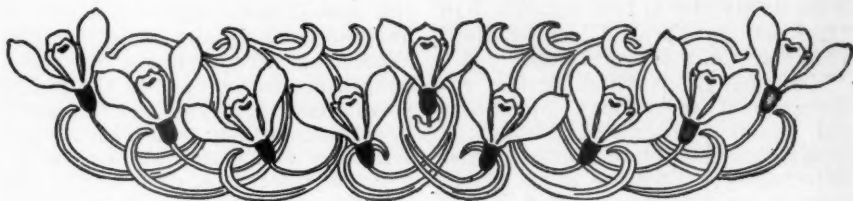
"Saul" has brought many a cynic to his better self, to a true estimate of life's responsibility, even as David's harp soothed the frenzied soul of the king. If our standard has fallen prone, nothing can bring spiritual balance more speedily and permanently than an hour with a noble poem or such lofty prose-poetry as that of St. Augustine and Thomas à Kempis, or our unappreciated Quaker apostle, John Woolman. For hours of emotional disturbance, sanity must be the special plea in reading. From diseased emotionalism one may turn with assured sympathy and betterment to the restrained portrayals of deep passion and suffering of a Kent or a Hermione, a Michael or a Pompilia, a Romola or a Jessica Falconer. More effective at times for over-wrought nerves is the choice of tales of sentiment other than that of sexual love—such as cluster about self-sacrifice, child-life, or some secret, high ideal as told by Coppée and Maupassant, Dr. Watson and Quiller-Couch, Mrs. Wiggin and Dr. Van Dyke.

The present generation in America has need of cultivating, at every opportunity, the mood of mental lethargy, of relaxation and effortless enjoyment. With apt irony Mr. Warner queried: "Have you any right to enjoy yourself at all until the fag end of the day, when you are tired and incapable of enjoying yourself?" Too often even at this fag-end season, we turn for reading to some disputatious editorial or an exciting, neurotic story. No author gives more varied relaxation than Lamb with his gentle humor, his restful ease. Do we enjoy a reverie? He offers "Dream-Children." Are we petulant invalids? Such was the mood, gradually softened by hope and sanity, of his "Convalescent." Closely linked in grateful memory with this prince of entertainers are Leigh Hunt and DeQuincey, Ik Marvel and Holmes, Dr. Crothers and Miss Repplier. Beside them on the imaginary shelves stand the poets of sensuous charm, Keats and Rossetti, Heine and Longfellow, Dobson and Scollard.

When the sane reader is going on a

journey, however brief, he chooses such reading as will enhance his memory of the localities and, at the same time, give him new appreciation of some long-familiar or slighted volume. If he can place himself in contact with the prevailing season of nature, if he

can harmonize books with their fitting time and place, he will find compensating beauties in winter for the lack of summer warmth, he will expand his varied moods and powers to their greatest enjoyment and gradual fruition.



Philadelphia in Literature

By ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON

Author of "Through Colonial Doorways," etc.

FIRST PAPER

FROM early days in provincial Pennsylvania, when Thomas Makin and David Dove sought relief from the serious business of teaching the young idea how to shoot in composing verses, down to our own time Philadelphia has ever been the home of numerous makers and lovers of literature. In no settlement, perhaps, with the exception of that of Virginia, were there more readers of the Latin and English classics than in Pennsylvania. The good Proprietary was himself master of an admirable and vigorous English style and evidently conversant with the best literature of his time, while his secretary, James Logan, if not always happy in his poetic flights, was a man of scholarly attainments, who translated the distichs of Cato into English verse and was also the author of a Greek ode of some distinction.

If George Sandys was found early translating Ovid upon the banks of the James, Aquila Rose was engaged

in the same pursuit upon the shores of the Delaware. It was Aquila Rose whom Franklin, himself a writer of verses, called "a pretty poet," relating that when he first visited Keimer's printing-house he found the proprietor composing an elegy on this young poet who had recently died, composing it, he says, in the types from the worn-out font and upon a shattered old press.

"Rose's translations," says Mr. Francis Howard Williams, in a paper on Philadelphia poets, "were quite in the manner of the best English verse of the time," while of the quality of one of his lyrics he writes that it has not often been surpassed among poems of its kind, "as it fairly sings itself and trips from the tongue with the agile movement of a cadence."

In the first half of the eighteenth century there were in Philadelphia a half-dozen young writers whose flights of fancy are not unworthy the name of poetry. Thomas Makin, a Latin

teacher in the Friends' Academy, composed two Latin poems of some length in which he celebrated the charms of his Province, "In Laudeo Pennsylvaniae," and "Encomium Pennsylvaniae." David James Dove, master of the Germantown Academy, whose ink flowed most freely when the foibles of his political enemies engaged his pen, was the writer of a number of satires, some of which, notably one entitled "Washing the Black-a-more White," in which William Moore of Moore Hall was attacked, in the uncompromising bitterness of their language savor more of the acerbity of the Puritan reformer than of the gentler phrasing of the followers of Penn.

A Philadelphia poet whose lyre was happily attuned to sweeter melodies was Thomas Godfrey, the son of Dr. Franklin's "ingenious friend Godfrey," inventor of the quadrant. Young Godfrey wrote pastorals, elegiacs, and a long poem entitled "The Court of Fancy."

This last, with its evident indebtedness to Chaucer's "House of Fame," to Milton and to Pope, still possesses some marks of genius and abounds in passages which will bear favorable comparison with contemporaneous English verse. Thomas Godfrey's name, if remembered at all to-day, will be recalled as the author of the first American drama which was presented upon a regular stage, "The Prince of Parthia." In this drama the author unblushingly appropriated to himself both plot and detail of the supreme work of the great master of dramatic composition, following Hamlet so closely that he introduced a ghost into the fourth act which is seen only by the wicked Queen Thermusa. Despite Godfrey's predatory habits, in this drama he shows himself capable of producing blank verse of power and beauty, while a song in the fifth act is not unworthy to be placed beside those of the gay and graceful bards of the seventeenth century, and plainly reveals their strong influence upon the genius of the American poet.

Tell me, Phyllis, tell me why
You appear so wondrous coy,
When that glow, and sparkling eye,
Speak you want to taste the joy?
Prithee give this fooling o'er,
Nor torment your lover more.

Thomas Godfrey died in North Carolina in 1763, and a few years later



ELIZABETH GRAEME
Afterwards Mrs. Hugh Ferguson

"The Prince of Parthia" was presented by the American Company at the Southwark Theatre, on South Street above Fourth. This theatre, built in 1766, was that in which Major André and other young officers of the British army gave a series of theatrical representations in the winter of 1777 and 1778, which were the delight of the Tory ladies of Philadelphia.

The advertisement of "The Prince of Parthia," which was first presented April 24, 1767, is sufficiently quaint to warrant its insertion:



DR. BENJAMIN RUSH

From a painting by Charles Willson Peale

By the American Company.

At the new Theatre in Southwark, to-morrow,
being the 24th of April, will be presented a

Tragedy, written in America by the late
ingenious Mr. Godfrey, of this city, called

The Prince of Parthia ;

To which will be added

The Contrivances.

To begin precisely at seven o'clock.

Vivant Rex et Regina.

Contemporaneous with Thomas Godfrey, although destined to survive him by many years, was Elizabeth Graeme, afterwards Mrs. Hugh Ferguson, who also encouraged visits from the muse of poetry. Miss Graeme's verses, con-

tributed to the *Columbian* and other early Philadelphia magazines, were greatly admired by the literary men of her own city. Although Mr. Joshua Francis Fisher, a later writer and critic, said of Elizabeth Graeme that she could not be said to be "a favorite of the muses and her lines were not perfumed with the fragrant nectar which those divinities are said to sprinkle over the verses of their friends," Dr. Benjamin Rush, himself a *littérateur* of considerable ability, was a warm admirer of Miss Graeme's writings. The "Country Parson," modelled after Mr. Pope's "Happy Life of a Country Parson," is perhaps the best example of the young woman's work in lighter vein, while her translation of "Télé-

maque" into metrical English is a monument to her industry and ability.

Elizabeth Graeme lived at her father's country seat, Graeme Park, in Montgomery County, and at his town house, on the north side of Chestnut Street, above Sixth. "Here," said

meeting many distinguished Philadelphians and visitors from abroad, was making "observations" which furnished material for some clever and humorous chapters in the *Port Folio*, and now in book form preserve for us a rarely interesting and valuable pic-



THE CARPENTER MANSION, THE HOME OF ELIZABETH GRAEME

Dr. Rush, "she formed frequent literary coteries that were the town talk of the day." This old mansion, long known as the Carpenter House, in honor of its builder, Joshua Carpenter, was afterwards the home of Governor Thomas and was looked upon as a rural residence in its time, a large garden filled with roses and fine cherry-trees making it the envy of the boys and girls of the neighborhood. Not as far out of town as the home of the Graemes, which house Mrs. John Ross considered "too remote for her family to live in," was the Slate-Roof House in Second Street. In this historic mansion, with its extensive grounds and wings projecting to the street in the manner of bastions, which had once been the residence of William Penn, the Graydons lived for many years. Here young Alexander Graydon,

ture of the life of the Quaker city before and during the Revolution.

Benjamin Franklin, having made his picturesque and original entry into Philadelphia, eaten his historic rolls, sown some wild oats in England and America, and served his apprenticeship with Keimer, had set up his printing-press on High Street, now Market. Franklin said in his "Autobiography" that he and Hugh Meredith "hired a house for their printing business near the market," which was then on Third Street, in close proximity to the pillory, stocks, and whipping-post, thus described by Thomas Makin, who says: "Here eastward," meaning eastward from the court-house,

stand the traps for obloquy

And petty crimes—stocks, posts, and pillory;

And, twice a week, beyond, light stalls are set,

Loaded with fruits and flowers, and Jersey's meat.

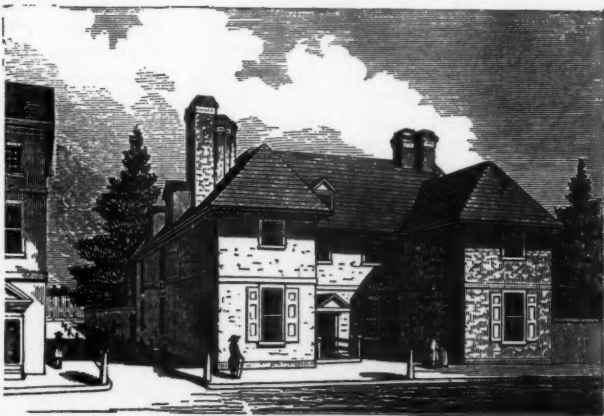


CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN
From a crayon by John Sharples

Franklin prospered so well through his combined exertions as printer, publisher, editor, and writer that, according to his own story, he was soon able to buy his wife "a pot of her own, instead of being obliged to borrow one," adding that they had "got something to put in it." To this early period of Franklin's career belongs the "Poor Richard's Almanac," filled with its homely trenchant maxims and quaint sayings, which, with the "Autobiography," the best example, perhaps, that the world has known of that sort of composition, are worthy of a chapter or a volume by themselves. If, as the editor himself frankly stated, the proverbs which made the almanac famous

contained the wise saws of many nations and ages, not a few of them were Franklin's own, and, as Mr. Parton says, he put his stamp upon most of the others before inserting them. That Franklin's writings and reprints served to educate public taste there can be little doubt, and also that his "Poor Richard's" shrewd observations had not a little influence upon the manners and habits of the people. Hence Franklin's literary productions deserve a place even beyond their actual merit as judged by the standards of to-day, and have been appropriately classed by a recent writer upon American *belles lettres* as belonging to the literature of power.

A list of American writers of power, which includes such movers of thought as Benjamin Franklin, Tom Paine, Patrick Henry, and John Dickinson, author of the "Farmer's Letters," would be quite incomplete without the name of Francis Hopkinson, whose ready pen played an important part in the controversial literature of his time. Hopkinson's "Pretty Story," "Old Farm," "Prophecy," and "Political Catechism" were widely read and quoted in their day, contributing not a little by the force of their reasoning and the keen shafts of their wit to bring about an intelligent appreciation of the situation of affairs in the critical period before the American Revolution. Aside from the practical importance of



THE SLATE-ROOF HOUSE

Judge Hopkinson's political writings, a singular directness of expression and charm of style would seem to entitle his pamphlets to a place in the literature of a country that later welcomed Lowell's "Bigelow Papers" to a place upon its library shelves.

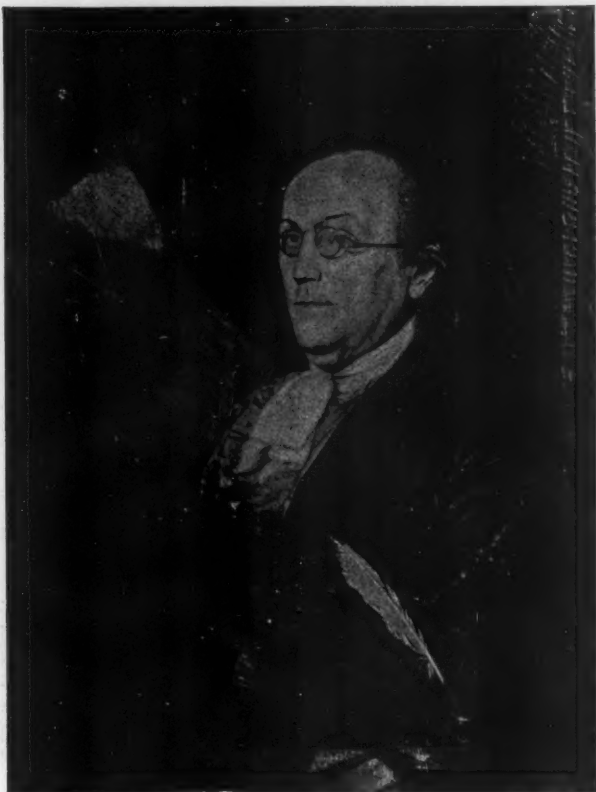
Important as were the political tales, allegories, and satires, such lighter essays as those upon "Whitewashing,"

"Specimen of a Modern Lawsuit," "Ambiguity of the English Language," and "Consolations for an Old Bachelor," afford better examples of Francis Hopkinson's distinctly literary ability. The essay upon "Whitewashing," which first appeared in "A Letter from a Gentleman in America to His Friend in Europe," was mistaken for the composition of Franklin and was published among his writings. The style is, however, more graceful, the touch lighter, reminding readers of to-day more of the "gentle Elia" than of the American philosopher and scientist. That many subjects were turned over in Hopkinson's clever head, which John Adams described as

"not bigger than a large apple," appears from the variety of themes that engaged his pen. In the two volumes printed by Dobson in 1792 at the Stone House in Second Street, in Philadelphia, odes to Celia, to Myrtilia, and to Delia (Miss Anne Borden, afterwards Mrs. Hopkinson), to Morning, to Evening, to Music, and to Charity, are to be found in company with political essays, decisions as Judge of the Admiralty, Dialogues of the Dead, and a detailed account of the

best method to "Quill a Harpsichord," or to "Construct a Candle-case."

Here, also, are the two poems by which Francis Hopkinson is best known to-day, the "Camp Ballad," a favorite song in the American army throughout



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

From a painting by Charles Willson Peale

the war, and "The Battle of the Kegs," the latter so spirited and witty in its recital of an incident of the campaign of 1777 that it served to light up with a genial glow of merriment some of the darkest hours of the struggle for liberty.

A son of Francis Hopkinson, another Judge Hopkinson, was the author of the national anthem "Hail Columbia." This song was written in Philadelphia at the request of a former schoolmate, Gilbert Fox, who,

being at the time in a theatrical company, wished some words of a patriotic character suited to the tune of "The President's March." The words of "Hail Columbia" were first sung by Gilbert Fox in the new Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1798, when war with France seemed imminent, and were received with enthusiastic applause.

A town founded by Quakers might not, at a first glance, seem to have offered congenial atmosphere for the development of romantic or dramatic literature, yet Philadelphia was the birthplace of the first American novelist as well as of the first dramatist. Although Susanna Rowson, an Englishwoman, was living in Nantucket and writing novels which were published before those of Charles Brockden Brown, and Hugh Henry Brackenridge's "Modern Chivalry" preceded Brown's "Wieland" by a twelvemonth, Mrs. Rowson's romances are so un-American in subject and treatment and Brackenridge's is so much less important, that they do not entitle their authors to rank the Philadelphia novelist.

The romances of Charles Brockden Brown, "Wieland," "Ormond," "Ar-

thur Mervyn," and "Edgar Huntly," followed each other in rapid succession, and by their choice of situation and treatment foreshadowed the more enduring works of Cooper,

Holland, Taylor, and others who have written tales of adventure which are racy of the soil.

Brown's imagination seemed to revel in the weird, occult, and supernatural; his stories are tinged with the sadness of his own nature; few there be who have patience to read one volume through to-day, yet in all of them are to be found passages of great power, and descriptions strikingly vivid and picturesque. Brown's presentation of the horrors of the yellow-fever visitation in Philadelphia in 1798

is almost unequalled in literature of its kind, while his description of his hero's encounter with a panther, in "Edgar Huntly," is worthy of James Fenimore Cooper at his best.

Although Mr. Brown spent some years in New York and there wrote several of his novels, he began and ended his literary career in the city of his birth, where for some years, in addition to his other writing, he successfully edited the *Literary Magazine* and afterwards the *American Register*.



THOMAS PAINE

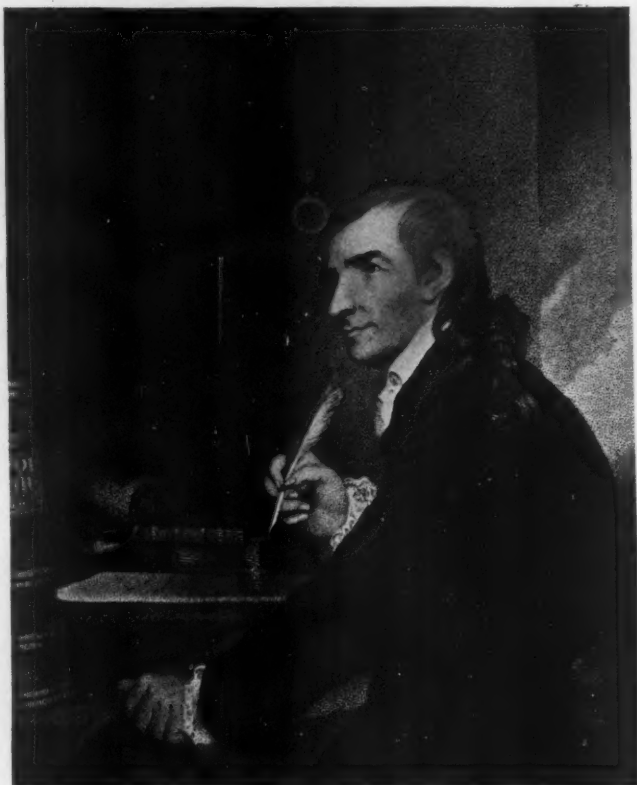
From a painting by Jarvis

There is something peculiarly touching and pathetic in all that relates to this young author, whose vivid imagination naturally intensified the many troubles of his life, of which not the least was ill health so extreme that he wrote to a friend: "When have I known that lightness and vivacity of mind, which the divine flow of health, even in calamity, produces in some men? Never—scarcely ever. Not longer than half an hour at a time, since I have called myself a man." Of the success of his literary work, the novelist wrote to his brother in 1800: "Bookmaking is, as you observe, the dullest of all trades, and the most that any American can look for in his native country is to be reimbursed for his unavoidable expenses." These discouraging lines, which were written after several of Brown's novels had been well received in England and

America, plainly reveal the wide gulf that separated his work from the quick-selling fiction of to-day; yet these stories were published in the days of few novels, when the appearance of each one was counted an important event in literature.

According to Joseph C. Neal, author of the "Charcoal Sketches," Brown's home was on "Eleventh, between Walnut and Chestnut Streets, in a low, dirty, two-story brick house, standing a little in from the street, with never a

tree or shrub near it." It was while living in this little old house at the corner of Eleventh and Sansom Streets (the latter then called George Street)



FRANCIS HOPKINSON

From an engraving by Longaeu

that Thomas Sully, the artist, first noticed Brown.

I saw him a little before his death [wrote Sully]. I had never known him, never heard of him, never read any of his works. He was in a deep decline. It was in the month of November—our Indian summer—when the air is full of smoke. Passing a window one day, I was caught by the sight of a man, with a remarkable physiognomy, writing at a table in a dark room. The sun shone directly on his head. I never shall forget it. The dead leaves were falling then—it was Charles Brockden Brown.

(To be Concluded.)



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THE CENTRE PANEL OF THE DECORATION "WASHINGTON LAYING HIS COMMISSION AT THE FEET OF COLUMBIA"
Painted for the Court House of the City of Baltimore by Edwin Howland Blashfield

Edwin Howland Blashfield

EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD has won a place in the fore of allegorical figure-painters and decorators through an elevation of thought and execution, a love of scholarly symbolism, and the knowledge that the possibilities and limitations of his craft require that each canvas should form a whole with its surrounding architecture. By his fertile imagination and manly treatment he masters the difficult task of sympathetically introducing figures of an historical character side by side with those of pure allegory. And so, while retaining a simplicity that never appears self-conscious, he composes those personifications appropriate to his theme into a whole of much grace and nobility. His strength in this direction is reinforced by his success in bringing the age-established demands of mural painting within the limits of modern convention and sophistication, where the note of the architecture is re-echoed in the broad relationship of his masses, that balance in the arrangement of his closely set forms. Unlike Abbey, or men of that class, Blashfield constantly exhibits a regard for the flatness of wall surface by deferring depth of treatment to breadth of composition. In the main, save for landscapes, he places his figures virtually on one plane. Where a second plane does become necessary he arranges it parallel to the first. In fact, he uses every device to avoid lines stretching into the picture, taking advantage of frequent low, wide, spaces to place his horizon line as far down as possible. He pays much attention to the silhouetting of his figures; but, on the other hand, he employs his use of light and shade more to explain his drawing than for its own end, since the size of the wall area often permits the relief in his results to remain far more sunken than would be possible in a smaller picture. And, lastly, for the same purpose of upholding this flat quality, he brings a unity of full, quiet tone to the glow of his colors. So with all their lateral effect his canvases possess a rich tranquillity of

atmosphere, and a clarity, that, though reticent in detail, never slurs a debatable point, nor hints at vagueness of form or obscurity in his soothing half-shadows and cool tints. In his lineal work, his creative sense allows of no posturing; but rather imbues an animation of repose in well-regulated propriety of gesture. He takes every advantage of his space to direct the fall of lines about a centre into a symmetrical rhythm that, although the result of deep thought and care, appears to have been done with a large ease. In detail he exhibits an unostentatious precision that gives a feeling of a deliberate pencil, establishing each significant line with a facility and beauty that never permits a stiff fold of drapery, or a careless fore-shortening. He has developed the power of handling his imagination with a knowledge of the best means of expression. This understanding, this technique, as it is called, is the world's interpreter of the painter's thoughts. Without it the artist may appeal only to men of his craft who recognize even the half-uttered, but where this quality construes a talent of the merit of Blashfield's, the artist can express to the popular fancy sentiments understood and admired.

Edwin Howland Blashfield was born in New York on December 15, 1848. He received his education at the Boston Latin School however, until, at the age of nineteen, he went to Paris to study painting. There Jean Gérôme, struck by the character of the young man's drawings of soldiers, urged him on by every possible means. With the assistance of this master and Léon Bonnat, Blashfield first exhibited at the Salon in 1874, keeping up an almost yearly record until he returned to the United States in 1881. At one time he was president of the Society of American Artists, and is now a member of the National Academy of Design and other art societies.

H. St. G.

Social History of the United States in Caricature

By FRANK WEITENKAMPF

II

AMONG the topics drawn from domestic life, the servant-girl question has its distinct influence on that life. The demands of the servant class, and certain habits attributed to them, have



AN INDISPENSABLE PRELIMINARY

PUCK—"Can you get people out safely in case of fire?"
MANAGER—"Have n't had time to think of that; getting 'em in is what interests me."—*Puck*, January, 1882.

been commented upon with the exaggeration of pictorial satire as long as humorous papers have existed here. The cook who rules the house from the kitchen, the maid who surreptitiously wears the gowns of her mistress, the servant who asks the madam for her milliner's address, or "goes her one better" by patronizing a more fashionable one, the energetic domestic who at the intelligence office puts the applicant for an employee through a catechism and finds that her manner of running her house does not suit, or her recommendations from her former servants are not satisfactory,—these are figures which have walked across the pages of the comic sheets from the good old times until now. Even the history of prices is contributed to in the skit on the demands of the servant for three afternoons a week, etc.,

etc.—and eight dollars a month (this in 1852).

The increase of suburbanites has added a topic in the difficulty of getting servants to go out of town and to stay there, as it also furnishes the *raison d'être* of innumerable changes rung on the themes of train-catching, suburban diversions of the commuter, and carelessness in dress. As to the *bona-fide* rural inhabitant, he has been caricatured *ad infinitum*, with straggling, long chin whiskers as an indispensable concomitant. His life "to hum," his attitude as the host of the summer boarder, and his adventures in town with the bunco-steerer, have been set down with some truth and a little malice, and no doubt gleefully enjoyed with feelings that were a mixture of satisfaction in town-made superiority and possibly of resentment at a failure to do, rather than be done by, the farmer on his native heath.



THE SERVANT-GIRL QUESTION IN THE COUNTRY

GORDON—"Do you always lift your hat to your cook when you leave the house?"

TREDEGAR—"Not always; but, my dear fellow, just consider that she has consented to stay with us for three whole days."—*Puck*, July, 1890.

But to return to the servant-girl. There is one trait above all with which she is credited in all lands,—her love for brass buttons. The French artist pictures the *bonne* and the *pioupiau* in close conversation in the gardens of the Luxembourg. The German still extracts possibilities of humor from the buxom cook who wins her martial sweetheart by the products of her hearth. *Punch* takes due cognizance of the predilection of the ladies below stairs for Tommy Atkins and the "bobby." Likewise, in the pictorial chronicles of the doings of our own Bridgets and Mary-Anns does the blue-coated "cop" have his place. It is he who assumes the rôle of the Irish servant's "cousin" when the mistress unexpectedly enters the kitchen and finds "company," or plays the agreeable to the nurse-maid in the park to the detriment of the infant left alone in the baby-carriage. The predominance of the sons of New

and distinguished only by cap and badge —were credited by the comic artists



AMERICAN EAGLE (loq.)—"It has cost me considerable time and patience to bring the tarnal critter to its right mind, and I've had to lick him so bad that I kinder reckon he won't growl again for a plaguy long while. The darned old fool, he might 'a known he 'd a' got the wust of it!"—*Yankee Notions*, July, 1860.



"SIMON SAYS WIGGLE WAGGLE!"
—*Life*, April, 1884.

York called forth a picture, in *Yankee Notions* (1853), of "Paddy," "two days in New York and not a policeman yet." The "stars" of that time—ununiformed,

with an insuperable sleepiness, and a general oblivioness to murder and robbery going on about them, so that they are toasted as "our absent friends" by some burglars at work, in *Vanity Fair* (1860).

"Graft" in Fernando Wood's day and later is hinted at in the beggar woman's successful attempt to appease the policeman who orders her to move on, by offering to divide profits with him if she may retain the lucrative post, or the "faithful guardian's" promise to the garroter: "Yes, I'll keep out o' the way,—but half the swag, mind yer!" (1866).

And did the "star" sometimes take a hand himself, as is indicated in the boy thief's urgent appeal to his companion to hurry up in robbing a "drunk," as the approaching policeman will take all they leave? The tendency of the "peeler" to obesity is cheerfully recorded. But anxiety to express adequately the average police

nationality has resulted in the frequent bestowal on the son of the Hermandad, both in caricature and on the stage, of the hideous mask (snub nose, an upper lip of simian proportions, and a fringe of red "galways") which is supposed to typify the Irishman. Who ever saw this thing, or anything which might be even the original of the dreadful distortion, in uniform? This is apparently a case in which caricature, overshooting the mark, is not a trustworthy record. The police dandy at the crossing, who hustles old ladies across and lingers over the pretty ones, has appeared at intervals, but it remained for Graetz, a Viennese, to bring out the droll contrast between a big, beefy specimen and the diminutive damsel whose tiny arm is quite lost in his great, white-gloved hand.

To the bicycle cop's tribulations there has been added in recent years

the still earlier roller-skate craze. The disregard of the public shown by careless devotees of the wheel and the



TO SUIT EVERY TASTE

Miss A.—"Don't you find New York society rather empty and unsatisfactory?"

Mr. S.—"Not necessarily. You can take your choice in that respect. There is the Bohemian set, all brains and no style; society proper with a fair amount of each; and the Four Hundred, all style and no brains."—*Life*, January, 1889.

motor car has been vigorously attacked here and in other countries.

The spirit of speed which is thus condemned seems a national characteristic. Stories of steamboats racing to boiler explosion in the old Mississippi days are still more or less familiar to us, even if only through the lines of John Hay's "Jim Bludso." The reckless driving of butcher and newspaper delivery wagons has been berated, and the trolley of terrific speed pictured as an infant-destroying demon. The whole matter of inordinate rush, for which even our time-saving appliances—"fliers," "ocean greyhounds," fast street cars, 'phone and telegraph—hardly suffice, has been summed up in the *Criterion's* "Hurry, the American goddess," a female in headlong whirl on a wheel, to an accompaniment of fast trains, steamers, and automobiles, and a string of elevated and surface-road accidents.

The dread of being considered "slow" no doubt results in giving a streak of the "fast" to the doings of certain strata of society. Furthermore, our intensity of purpose, when misdirected, results in a forced attitude. One can see this in sports and



SPORT ON THE BRAIN

Puck's American Phrenological Chart for the Season of 1887.

the pursuit of the automobile scorchers. What a gold mine this new sport, with its extravagances, has been for the caricaturist, just as the bicycle habit was before that, and, to a lesser degree,

pastimes driven to extremes: wearisome walking matches, ceaseless century runs, relaxation of mind and



IN AMERICA

"I hear you are going to be married."

"No: I'm only engaged."—*Good Things of Life*, Seventh Series.

exercise of body overdone. It is shown in the many fads that at various times seize upon the ever-ready herd of feeble minds, examples of misguided energy, vagaries in the fields of religion, philosophy, sociology, or economics.

"Anglomania" has been a topic of ridicule, early and late. The coronet-hunting American heiress made her appearance in *Chic*, *Fudge*, *Puck* in the eighties, and the vapid, bankrupt English "dook"—occasionally a bogus one, to boot—became one of the delights of those who hunt the elusive joke so hard. *Vanity Fair* in 1860 charged society with submission to the most ridiculous fashion, if it were only English or supposed to be. The British lion's tail has been more or less assiduously twisted by our comic press from the beginning. In these later years, when the "blood is thicker than water" sentiment has come to be heard, and "Anglo-Saxon supremacy" is the watchword, friendship for England has been a reproach only occasionally, for political purposes. But in the days when our own John Neal, masquerading in London as Hugo Playfair, had his dig at "Brother Jonathan, the smartest

nation in all creation" (1844), when Uncle Sam seemed to wear a special chip on his shoulder for Britain, the times that resounded with the slogan "fifty-four forty or fight," Americanism swaggered before old England in the comic press as well.

Then came the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860, and his plume faced one repeatedly in the pages of *Vanity Fair*, appearing finally as a plant, "a love of an exotic," admired by a bevy of beauties. *Vanity Fair's* little innuendoes at what it called "Prince-of-Walesiana" culminated in the publication of E. C. Stedman's "The Prince's Ball," with its description of preparations, of cajoling of committeemen by fair ladies, of fine array and proud hearts, while

Our country friends find dancing pleasant,
Although no Prince of Wales be present.



SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

1ST PLUMBER—"Well, I s'pose you've been off to Newport this summer?"

2D PLUMBER—"Naw, sassiety gittin' so fearful mixed there that I took a cottage at Long Branch this year."—*Life*, November, 1883.

Our comic artists have occasionally tapped John Bull playfully when we beat him on his own ground in the field of sport,—at Henley, in the Derby, on the yachting course, or in the prize

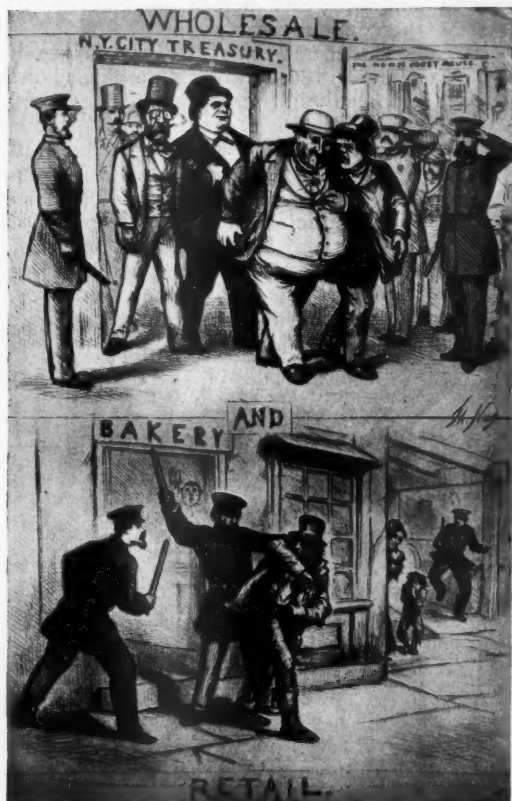
ring. The great Sayers-Heenan fight seems to have called forth a veritable "pugilistic mania," if one may believe *Vanity Fair*, which informs us particu-

One recalls fads, passing crazes, without much difficulty. Some have already been referred to, and there are others: aberrations of fashion, custom, thought, and opinion. The field is large enough. It includes the "*carte de visite* fever," which in 1862 delighted the souls of *Vanity Fair* artists, one of whom introduced a fair collector who asked an astonished gentleman for an "assorted dozen, one in an attitude of prayer."

There were "baby-shows" certainly as far back as 1877, and the "Fifteen Puzzle" held many enthralled, *Puck* picturing the situation as a deadlock everywhere and the lunatic asylums filled to overflowing. The same journal, on March 17, 1880, showed Roscoe Conkling leaning with troubled brow over the "Presidential Puzzle," unable to straighten out "13-15-14."

The mind here reverts also to the morbid sentiment that women have shown from time to time for criminals. Was not Chastine Cox, the mulatto murderer, fairly smothered with flowers while in prison in 1879, a fact which produced a pictorial "faugh" from *Puck*, which also records the case of the Italian Balbo in the following year.

The fad—or give it any other name you will—is of course an expression of the herd nature of society. It may be observed in the follies of fashion, both in clothes and customs, and hence also in the doings of certain of the so-called "swell set." The chronicle of the dandy and the "gilded youth," of the "society girl," of "society" itself in its various manifestations,—of which, for example, Ward McAllister and the "400" were in their day an incident,—has been outlined in the pages of our comic weeklies since the latter have existed. The vacuity of a life of absolute devotion to society and its seasons has of course been an object of derision.



WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Harper's Weekly, September, 1871.

larly of the interest displayed by the weaker sex,—one young lady is indignant because she does not get her *Clipper* regularly, two others have put on the gloves for a set-to,—and finally contrasts the champions of 1776 (Washington) and 1856 (Heenan). The daily *Momus*, by the way, in its issue of May 2, 1860, published its idea of "The next statue of Washington, an effect of the 'muscular development' régime upon art,"—the father of his country in athletic undress, with a huge dumb-bell in each hand.

In caricatures dealing with the "upper ten," certain subjects, more or less characteristic, seem to predominate:

the multiplicity of marriage engagements, marriage for money, frequency of divorce, fickleness (indicated, for example, in "Nothing to Wear," with A. Hoppin's illustrations), the more or less cold-blooded hunt for the dollar. But the average society joke is merely a joke with an illustration, "a millinery show, not comic art," said the *Nation* of

April 22, 1897. The conventional appearance of the drawings is due in a measure probably to the centring of interest on the costume rather than on the person, to the suppression, outwardly at least, of individuality by the

life seem somewhat dominated by this monotony of appearance and character, brought about by fashion in clothes



Tout ce qu'il y a de plus Sec.—*Life*, December, 1883.



THE USES OF WORDS

LAWYER'S CLERK—"Will you take a chair, Miss?"

BOSTON GIRL—"No, thanks; I would n't know what to do with it. But I'll sit down if I may."—*Good Things of Life*, Seventh Series.

all-levelling adherence to strongly pronounced social forms. Artists who illustrate, more often than caricature or satirize, this element in our social

and etiquette. So that the office of caricature as a *document pour servir* is perhaps more apparent in pictures of middle-class or low life. Still, depictions of conditions at this other end of the line may be likewise unconvincing. The late M. A. Woolf's little waifs, now pathetic, now droll, appealed in the first case to our sympathies, but in the second amused often by the impossibility of the language and actions attributed to them. Poverty, however, wan and sad-eyed, is no subject for caricature, unless it be a question of exposing a sham or championing the under dog. So we have the fraudulent beggar, who has inadvertently put on his "deaf-and-dumb" sign on a day when he is playing "blind," or the appeal in the story of the big thief and the little thief, the plea for mild justice to the desperately hungry purloiner of a loaf of bread. Drink, that insidious enemy of the poor, formed the subject of a "Dance of Death" by the late Matt Morgan, and, still earlier (1846), of a gruesome skeleton executing a "death march" to the rattle of various implements of the bar worn in the manner of military equipments. Quite recently it has called forth a series of drawings in a well-known New York daily, and it is, of course, fought bit-

terly and earnestly in the cartoons of religious papers such as the *Ram's Horn* and the *War Cry*. For caricature



PEDESTRIAN (loq.)—"This is what I should call an overwhelming illustration of Philadelphia cleanliness."—*Yankee Doodle*, 1846.

is also an element in religious journalism in this country.

Social caricature, as a rule, is mainly a matter of observation, the effectiveness of which depends upon the artist's power to represent and present. When a question, a problem, occupies the artist, the element of personal opinion enters more strongly. It would seem, however, that the heat of political debate has produced more telling and serious results in caricature than the discus-

sion of the labor, woman, or other economic and social questions.

The workman, grizzled, grave, brawny, and brainy, with the square paper cap which one does not see him wear to any extent in real life, is a convenient and more or less effective figure in the political cartoon, especially when the "laboring classes" are to be patted on the back. He is the type of the conservative workman whom the cartoonist delights to set up in opposition to the agitator and the walking delegate. The last-named outgrowth of trade-unionism has for some years been one of the caricaturist's stock figures, and through his particular activity has had a good share of responsibility for the almost uniformly anti-union tone of labor cartoons. To get the other side, you must go to the official organs of labor, just as the only way to see any but anti-socialistic caricatures is to study the files of publications such as *The Comrade*. The inconvenience and financial loss which attend great strikes, and which are in some cases widespread in their immediate results, naturally call forth a resentment which finds expression in the work of the caricaturist. Some of the



BANKRUPTCY AS A PROFITABLE BUSINESS

Puck, December, 1880.

strongest drawings of this kind came from the crayon of the late Joseph Keppler, whose cartoons seem to show strong convictions as well as artistic

feeling. He fiercely denounced the agitator and "king boycott," but on the other hand produced also an early, telling cartoon against monopolies, which he pictured as a huge snake, coiled about the Capitol and threatening Columbia. "The trusts" have been the subject of innumerable caricatures since then, some fierce and bitter, others good-naturedly humorous, still others strongly apologetic, and all illustrating the trend of thought of certain classes.

Our manner of celebrating holidays and conducting festivities is naturally a characteristic one. The vociferousness of the "glorious Fourth," the former nuisance of New Year's calls *en masse* by troops of young men on foot and in conveyances, the humors of St. Valentine's Day and of Thanksgiving Day (with the seemingly endless possibilities offered by the hapless turkey, once the principal figure in the "turkey shoots" of old), all is recorded by the observant limner. Thanksgiving Day is still the scene of excursions out of Manhattan by the "Frog Hollow Guards," the "East Side Rangers," or what other names may be borne by the target companies (not the German *Schützen* companies, be it remembered), preceded by *sappeurs* brave in huge bearskins, which once—as "red shirts" and "blue shirts," to give the children's designation of that time—paraded our streets more frequently, and levied tribute from saloon- and shopkeepers. Among the pictures of target excursions is that by McLenan in "Doesticks, what he says" (1855), but I have seen none that appeared quite satisfactory.

It is gratifying to note the advance of a celebration such as that of Dewey Day, with its artistic features, over the times when the *Puck* cartoon on foreign carnivals and the domestic imitation (a matter of ads. and frippery) had its justification. We are getting around to a different view of things, with city art commissions, municipal art societies, scenic preservation societies, arbor-day celebrations, and window-garden enthusiasts at work. But caricature long since railed at the doings

of the "ad." painter who decorated every available surface out-of-doors and disfigured the scenery with hideous blots. The ubiquitousness of the advertisement was illustrated in the *Puck* view of Coney Island, with "ads." on hotel and beach, on sails in the waters below, and on balloons in the heavens above. So, too, Zimmerman's sandwichmen grouped around a bonfire, at an excavation, and in their military, Indian, and sportsman's rigs offering a grotesque suggestion of frontier life, incidentally illustrate a method of advertising once more employed, perhaps, than now, and certainly in use here over forty years.

While the claims of the æsthetic sense have been indirectly championed by the caricaturist, art and artists have occupied his pencil mainly in the production of parodies on individual paintings or statues. One recalls the words which Mark Twain put into the mouth of the classic Washington in the national capital, exposed in his nudity out-of-doors, contrary to the sculptor's intentions: "My sword is here, my clothes are in the Patent Office yonder." As a matter of fact, the witicism criticises not only an individual statue, but a view of art.

Perhaps, too, there was more than a mere joke—perhaps a thought of art principles—underlying the picture, in *Young America* for 1856, which represented the horse of the Jackson equestrian statue in Washington (the famous "rocking-horse" monument) as tired of standing on its hind legs and jumping down into the street, leaving the doughty general ignominiously sprawling on the pedestal. There is not much actual illustration of artist-life, if we except some slight records of the old time bohemianism, with all its glory of broad-brimmed hats, velvet coats, and leonine manes.

Nor has the sister art of music, as a factor in our life, entered much into caricature. The mere joke with a musical coloring, without real bearing on our life-history, does not concern us here. Beyond this, what is there? Perhaps expression is given to popular indignation at opera-box volubility. Or

some fad, some exotic or peculiar figure in musical circles forms a mark for wit. It was among the last-page "comics" of *Harper's Monthly*, I believe, that there appeared the series by Darley illustrating a concert by Jullien, then so popular here, a series which ended in a picture of the dear little man sinking exhausted into a chair at the finale. One remembers, too, bits of misunderstanding or wilful pleasantry, such as *Puck's* "exposition of Wagner's method," in the early days of our acquaintance with that master in the realm of tones. Undoubtedly this conception of the Teuton's music as a medley of deafening noises and discordant sounds was the popular one.

U. S. Grant as the "Admiral," and Roscoe Conkling as "Buttercup," in "Pinafore," both in *Puck* for 1879, recall the long run of that comic opera, performed by so many companies, white and black, church choir and juvenile, that the same weekly depicted it also "in its second childhood," produced in the nursery.

The music of the streets has undergone some change since the barrel organ, the bagpipe, and the "little German" band with its surrounding bevy of little girls with rat-tail braids soberly doing a waltz or polka have been almost entirely superseded by the blatant piano-organ and its accompaniment of children flinging their legs and arms about to the tune of skirt dances and wild "rag-time." The itinerant German band is embalmed in that suggestion to the government to pacify the Indians with music and fire-water, offered by *Puck*. And the whole-band-in-one-man, whom I have seen just once in twenty years, shines forth in all his conglomerate glory of bass-drum, triangle, cymbals, trumpet, and what not, in an ironical illustration of the cautiousness of a marshal in making an arrest (1860).

The long "run" of certain songs is reflected in their appearance as pegs on which to hang jokes, or in their application to current events. There is the repeated recurrence of references to that old favorite "Shoo, fly, don't

bother me," to illustrate various political and other situations, say that of the coy presidential possibility who will not give the buzzing "bee" admittance to his bonnet, or the Massachusetts crispin of 1870 warding off Chinese labor competition. In the days of "third term" talk, the "Old Grant clock was too much for itself," according to *Puck* (1879), and recalls to mind that monotonous favorite "Grandfather's Clock." The mournful Platt leaves the defeated Conkling in 1881 with the hyperion curl as a souvenir: "'T is but a little faded curl." "Curl," of course, has replaced "flower." But I have failed to find again a picture, seen years ago, of a string of boys in back-yard private theatricals enacting that rollicking song "The Mulligan Guards." One artist voices a protest against a too long-drawn and vociferous insistence on the beauties of "Sweet Violets," whistled, sung, played, ground out on organs *ad nauseam* in the eighties, with the plaint: "Will they ever fade?" And quite recently there was a wail over the perseverance and ubiquitousness of a maddening tune about a copper-colored beauty.

If the caricaturist here sides with better taste, he is also apt to let fly his shafts at what seems either hyper- or pseudo-culture. Boston as the "hub" of the universe and the seat of culture is a well-worn theme, and the precociously sapient little Boston boy, brave in spectacles, has long been with us. But he is, after all, simply a phase of "Young America," which we find duplicated in the "advanced" children and youths of Leech's day in *Punch*. The precocity, the "smartness," and, shall we say, the—occasional—pertness, forwardness, of the American child has not passed unnoticed. On the other hand, one meets true bits of unadulterated child nature. There's the boy who wonders why Washington keeps on having birthdays, since he is dead, or the one who, on being assured by his mother that he is really a bad boy, observes reflectively: "Well, anyway, you ought to be real darn glad I aint twins."

But I have wandered from Boston. Other cities, like it, have been charged with certain characteristics or typified by definite figures. Father Knickerbocker is of historical and literary interest, but perhaps no longer as characteristic of New York City as is Uncle Sam of the United States, or even the Quaker figure that stands for Philadelphia. The alleged "slowness" of the latter city is occasionally turned into a directly rural character,—in caricature. To what extent the imputation is deserved, let those of the City of Brotherly Love say. And let Chicago explain why the reputation of large pedal extremities clings to its female inhabitants. I cannot.

Commerce has been dealt with rather by political caricature, in its relations to the economic questions of free-trade and protection, the bankruptcy laws, the decay of shipping. Speculation, however, as a phase of our social life, is a frequent topic in caricature, and the lamb skips blithely to its shearing by the bulls and bears of Wall Street, with a stern and sad-eyed Washington regarding the whirl around the golden calf from his station on the Sub-Treasury steps. If the wild hunt to amass money rouses satire, the abstraction thereof is also regarded with a certain humor. The thief of 1861 complains to his companion that "them dollar jewelry shops robs the people and us too." The "honest burglar," indignant at the increase of defaulting bank directors and cashiers who are taking the bread out of his mouth, appeared almost as soon as the comic paper began to struggle for a foothold here, and in the early eighties, he organized a "burglar's union" in the pages of *Puck*, demanding his rights, with the cry "no more defaulting bank directors."

One special feature of our caricature is to be noted, its restraint in certain directions. There is more artistic license on the other side. Different ideas concerning morality and the fitness of things obtain in different countries, and what will pass in Paris or Vienna may prove objectionable in

New York or Chicago. Not that we are free from vulgarity, but that the open use, in print, of certain matters as a basis for jokes is not found here. It is seen that the very tone of the text, the form in which the joke is cast, the particular kind of subjects chosen, may be followed to note the changing point of view, and style, both literary and artistic, certainly a not unimportant phase of social development.

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that certain figures become veritable puppets for the caricaturist, figureheads that have almost ceased to be typical, and are simply vehicles for the display of nimble wit, dummy mouthpieces to point the joke.

In going through the files of our comic journals, one gets a kaleidoscopic jumble of impressions concerning the life of the passing day. Some of the many phases of this life, as they are thus illustrated, have been brought out in the present notes, and related ones grouped together.

All that has been said, however, is of course but a rapid review, a compressed summary of some aspects of our social life within the last sixty or seventy years as told in caricature. It is a mere indication of some salient points, some characteristic tendencies and types. It cannot pretend to be even a sketch of our social development as seen in every-day life, the figures of speech, the songs, the aberrations of custom and costume popular at the moment. The interest and use of the caricature as an aid in illustrating all of this by exaggeration in delineation or text, or by mere insistence (for many of the drawings here referred to are almost entirely lacking in the element of distortion), are obvious. Its inherent possibilities of usefulness as material for history are those of the chronicle of current events and extend far beyond its original purpose. History is made rapidly in these days, and the space devoted by some magazines to "current history in cartoons" shows that the caricature becomes a document almost on the day after publication.

Essays Great and Small

By EDWARD FULLER

THE fear lest essay-writing become a lost art seems to have little justification. The essay is too convenient a form to be lightly abandoned. It is adapted to any and every subject under the sun—no unimportant consideration in an age when scraps of information are highly praised. Probably the great essayists are rare at best. It requires exact knowledge and a high degree of literary skill to treat of men or things luminously and comprehensively within the limits of an article which may be read at a single sitting. We can hardly expect to find Matthew Arnolds at random in the magazines. Furthermore, since many of the magazines offer but a cold welcome to mere literature, the essay that exists for its own sake need not be too confidently anticipated. But essays of some kind we shall undoubtedly continue to have. One can make an essay out of anything; there are no limitations as to length or treatment or style. It is the least technical form of literary art. Possibly this lack of rigid technique is in itself a difficulty. The writer is less able in consequence to hide a lack of ideas. Thus many persons who have only vague prejudices to expound write novels instead of essays.

Such subjects as are discussed by Sir Leslie Stephen in "Essays on Freethinking and Plainspeaking"* might easily be elaborated, after the fashion of the time, in fiction. But the reader who is not a victim of mental anæmia will be grateful for the more cogent and direct method of treatment. These papers have been out of print for a number of years; and it was desirable for the publishers of the handsome new edition of his writings to make a prefatory volume containing them and including also the tributes paid to Stephen by Mr. Bryce and Mr. Herbert Paul in the *Quarterly Review*. They illustrate a side of the writer's

character easily misunderstood. For here he states with the utmost freedom the views on religion which led thoughtless persons to call him an atheist. That these views were honest no candid person can doubt. The sincerity with which Stephen held them is transparent. There are minds incapable of faith, and his was one. He was not, it is true, a mere materialist. In his essay on Darwinism he says plainly that even the extreme implications of that theory are not incompatible with the belief in immortality. "If Darwinism demonstrates that men have been evolved out of brutes, the religion which takes it into account will also have to help men to bear in mind that they are not brutes." Stephen's error in his attitude towards the Christian religion arises chiefly from a defective imagination. He does not sufficiently distinguish between the domain of reason and the domain of belief. Nor does he see how belief can be based upon reason. Like other men of a scientific turn of thought, he would abolish dogma in religion while maintaining it firmly in science. There is nothing in the Catholic creeds less essentially reasonable to impartial scrutiny than there is in the hypotheses which seek to contradict or ridicule these creeds. Stephen, just as he meant to be, does not escape that arrogance of the scientist which condemns belief as the mark of an inferior intelligence. He regards ritualism as fit only for "effeminate natures." But this is confusing the shadow with the substance. It is easy enough to argue that any one point of ritual may be a thing indifferent in itself. But ritual as a whole is a natural means of worship. It would be futile to speak of the High Church party whose opinions Stephen found so antagonistic as deficient in manliness or scholarship. His attack on the Broad Church party, on the other hand, contains more than a grain of truth. It would be going

* "Essays on Freethinking and Plainspeaking." By Leslie Stephen. Putnam. \$1.50 net.

too far to say that men like Maurice and Stanley were consciously casuistical. But they certainly tortured the formularies of the Church into meanings not obvious to the plain wayfaring man. Stephen concedes their sincerity, but argues that the tendency of their doctrines is towards insincerity. They are making "fruitless efforts to reconcile the irreconcilable." This is putting the case too strongly. It is difficult to understand how one who denies the Virgin Birth, for example, can remain within the pale of a Church that holds to the Nicene Creed. On the other hand, to hold men too closely to the terms of mediæval theology is to stifle all free inquiry and check all healthy growth. Just where the limit of comprehension is to be fixed is a matter to be decided by Church councils rather than by individuals. Leslie Stephen, with his clear but somewhat hard vision, was the last man to be in sympathy with that form of honest doubt which has by no means crystallized into skepticism. When he asks, "Are we Christians?" his lack of imagination leads him to answer in the negative. Himself denying the supernatural, he could not put himself in the place of those who admit it. And he has been misunderstood in turn. If his intellectual temperament limited his horizon in one direction it extended it in another. The "Essays on Free-thinking and Plainspeaking" are not as valuable a part of his work, on the whole, as the "Hours in a Library." But they are distinctly worth the attention even of those who disagree most with his conclusions. Those on Shaftesbury, Mandeville, and Warburton will keenly interest the student of literature.

The mental processes of Professor Münsterberg are more difficult to follow than Stephen's. He is one of the increasing band of philosophers who, realizing that a belief in immortality is deeply implanted in the human race, endeavor to show that it is tenable because such capacious minds as theirs cannot rid themselves of it. Sometimes they proceed to the demonstration by the investigation of table-tipping;

sometimes, as in Professor Münsterberg's case, they explore the recesses of "psychology" and become convinced that, though they may perish, the principle of life is eternal. What satisfaction there may be in holding that life is "a system of interrelated will-attitudes" and that personality "has no place in time" will not be grudged by most persons to the Professor. His doctrine, so far as we are able to understand it, is a "psychological" interpretation of Oriental occultism. Immortality on such conditions does not commend itself to the healthy Western mind. We can hardly believe that even those who deny the Resurrection of Jesus Christ can find much consolation in such a treatise as "The Eternal Life." * It is a spiritual structure built upon the sands of speculation.

In "Essays by the late Marquess of Salisbury" † we pass from the regions of speculation to the regions of fact. These papers were contributed by Lord Salisbury to the *Quarterly Review* forty years ago, when he was still Lord Robert Cecil and probably had not dreamed of ever being Prime Minister. It was well worth while to collect them in two attractive volumes, not only for their intrinsic value, but for the light they throw upon the mind of the writer. Lord Salisbury is a statesman to whom most Americans, and, indeed, many of his own countrymen, have done less than justice. He had none of the showy qualities which capture the imagination. His attitude towards his fellows was detached, if not cynical, and he had that gift for mordant sarcasm which is so fatal to popularity. He compelled respect from his followers, but he did not arouse enthusiasm. But the very qualities which alienated the small politicians helped to make him that rarest of all writers—the truly philosophic historian. No doubt he had his prejudices; some of them appear in these pages. But what first of all distinguishes such essays as that on Poland is the freedom of the writer from the influence of sentiment or

* "The Eternal Life." By Hugo Münsterberg. Houghton. 85 cents.

† "Essays by the late Marquess of Salisbury." 2 vols. Dutton.

tradition. It was published in 1863, at the time of the Polish rebellion against Russian tyranny; and public sympathy was naturally with the Poles. Lord Salisbury does not deny that the country had been misgoverned, that Russia had failed where Austria had succeeded. But he shows conclusively that if ever a people deserved to lose their independence it was the Poles. Government by the turbulent nobles had completely broken down when the first partition took place. Even if to justify Catherine requires a little special pleading, the fact remains that there was no choice in this case but between annexation and anarchy. And the "oppressed" were not the peasants, but the nobles; the woes which wrung the gentle bosom of Miss Jane Porter were those of men who had degraded their serfs almost to the level of beasts. Equally clear is the statement of the Danish question. Lord Salisbury not only shows that the occupation of the duchies by Austria and Prussia was a clear violation of right, but that in acting first as the adviser of Denmark and then leaving her to her fate the English Government of that day committed both a blunder and a crime. The indictment of Lord Russell as Foreign Secretary which follows is a masterly piece of argument. The Whig hero is left with hardly a miserable shred of reputation. The truth is that Lord Russell (the Lord John Russell of the Reform Bill) had faults that well-nigh counterbalanced his virtues. Petulant, vain, moving in a little circle of toadies, he seldom took a broad view of any question; and when he happened to be right it was rather by accident than by intention. Yet his fame with the casual reader of history is far higher than that of Lord Castlereagh, to whom Lord Salisbury devotes one paper. Castlereagh, in fact, was not the enemy of human freedom it has been the fashion to paint him. He had a great duty to perform—to bring to an end the devastating career of Napoleon—and it is not too much to say that, of all the diplomatists of the Congress of Vienna, he was first in influence if not in ability. His weak-

ness was a lack of imagination, which made him unable to understand sentiments in which he did not share. We do not think that Lord Salisbury has quite made out a case for the disregard of the principle of nationality which marked the arrangements of 1815. He says, truly enough, that at the time national feeling in many cases was not intense; no one, for example, anticipated an united Italy. But if Lord Castlereagh had been a Pitt, let us say, with the vision and the faculty divine of genius, would he not have foreseen how currents then in motion were to turn? Concerning Pitt himself there are two essays, based upon Stanhope's "Life." Like all the rest they amply repay perusal; and one can hardly help wishing, despite appreciation of Lord Salisbury's work as a statesman, that there had fallen to him the leisure to write a history of modern England.

Perhaps it is only by undue inexactness of classification that two biographies of men of letters may be counted as essays. But both Mr. Bradley in his account of Bryant* and Professor Herford in the volume on Browning† attain brevity of treatment; nor is their work more comprehensive than that of Lord Salisbury in the articles on Pitt. Mr. Bradley's essay, then, on the first American poet of any importance makes a creditable addition to the English Men of Letters series, even if it be in the nature of journeyman criticism. The story of Bryant's life is told plainly and succinctly, accompanied by very sensible comment on his writings and a not illiberal estimate of his position in literature. It would probably be difficult even for the biographer of the author of so many "poems of sentiment and reflection," as he would have called them, to write with the ardor of enthusiasm. Even in such poems as "The Death of the Flowers," for example, there is a certain aloofness from passion which to most of us is unsympathetic. Hawthorne, we know, was repelled by

* "William Cullen Bryant." (English Men of Letters.) By William Aspenwall Bradley. Macmillan. 75 cents net.
† "Robert Browning." By C. H. Herford. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00 net.

Bryant's coldness; and, indeed, he seems to have been a man of few intimacies. Mr. Bradley says that this may be "attributed to a deep-seated reserve, natural, temperamental, inherited." He was "the product of Puritanism," although he early outgrew Calvinistic opinions. "There can be no doubt that it is this want of either intellectual depth and originality or real warmth of sympathetic feeling that is the real source of weakness in Bryant's poetry. He is the poet, even of nature, only in the sense of seeking to reproduce the charm of her external loveliness." Yet he has the eye of the artist, nor is he lacking in imagination. It is easy to understand how, when he began to write, this new note in American verse should have attracted the attention of all English readers. Bryant did not proclaim any declaration of literary independence by seeking fresh forms or departing from familiar models. His earlier work had the flavor of the eighteenth century, and the romantic movement, when he came under its influence, did not give him "the sense of tears in mortal things." But he was no mere imitator. His scenery is native; the lark and the nightingale do not people his skies. His was the harvest of a quiet eye. Thus his work has an attraction which it would be, perhaps, idle to attempt to analyze. Mr. Bradley is right in saying that Bryant has suffered from the extremes of criticism, and that a judicious middle course is a right one for the critic to steer. His honorable place among the poets of the nineteenth century is secure enough.

He would be a bold man who, amid the clatter of contending opinions, should undertake to pronounce a reasonably final verdict upon Robert Browning. He is a great writer, whether we like him or not; just what his final place among the great poets may be it is not for this generation to say. Our impression is that much of the dust raised by his admirers is the result of rough riding. That Browning was often wilfully crabbed and obscure is perfectly true; nevertheless he would not be a great poet at all if

he had not the capacity for a certain divine simplicity. And we must look for the real man, not merely in those more ambitious works which have perplexed his readers, but in those exquisite lyrics also which thrill with the universal language of human passion. Professor Herford tells the story of Browning's life simply and intelligibly. He does not make one who was fond of dealing with metaphysical problems a metaphysical problem himself. As a matter of fact Browning's human relations were singularly normal and sane. His biographer points out how in his earlier work the absence of a real knowledge of love is conspicuous, and how, after he had met and married Elizabeth Barrett, the deeper note was struck for the first time. All that is said on this head is characterized by good sense and good taste. Professor Herford has not the jaunty confidence of Mr. Chesterton, and he leaves doubtful questions open to debate. But his study is acute and illuminating. He calls attention to the diverse tendencies of the poet—his romantic temperament and realistic perceptions—and he finds that joy is on the whole the keynote of his achievement. And in truth Browning, although he studied men and women in every aspect and often depicted the baser side, was in essence an optimist. He was

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph,

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

This is the Christian philosophy; and he who holds it as Browning did will never cease to be a force in the world. There could hardly be a better brief estimate of Browning's genius than Professor Herford has given us.

The essay which is not too serious, which deals lightly and gracefully with many phases of life, will always be a delight. This kind is provided in the attractive volume into which have been gathered "*Casual Essays of The Sun*."*

* "*Casual Essays of The Sun*." Robert Grier Cooke. \$1.50.

The *Sun*, of course, is the luminary of New York that has long been guide, philosopher, and friend to thousands of readers the country over. From the editorial articles of twenty years such as are of a controversial or ephemeral nature have been excluded and the best of the others brought together where those who have enjoyed them once can renew the pleasure, and those to whom they are unfamiliar can make their acquaintance with profit to themselves. Newspaper writing is often the subject of a sneer, in too many cases richly deserved. But it is not too much to say that writing such as graces the editorial page of the *Sun* is uncommon anywhere. It is, of course, the work of various writers; yet there is a surprising homogeneity in it. Lamb or Hazlitt himself is not more individual. The subjects range over a broad field, from mint juleps and the influence of pie to the split infinitive and the psychology of husbands. The temptation to quote is insidious, and must be resisted. It can only be said that the volume as a whole belongs in the category of those described by

Thackeray as "bedside books." One likes to save it for the choice hours when one is really alone. There is a healthy defiance of one's prejudices in these pages now and then, which is an essential quality in the casual essay.

There is little to say of "The Useful Life" *—selections from the writings of Swedenborg obviously suggested by the popularity of Pastor Wagner's lucubrations. Mr. John Bigelow's introduction gives the reader a sufficient account of Swedenborg's attitude towards moral and religious problems. In "The Freedom of Life" † Miss Call continues to preach the doctrine of intellectual non-resistance. So far as she counsels us not to worry the advice is excellent, even if somewhat difficult to follow. It may be doubted, however, if we have it within our power always to shape our lives so calmly and consciously as Miss Call would have us do. Still there are those who will find in her pages a pleasant moral soporific.

* "The Useful Life, as Taught by Emanuel Swedenborg." With an Introduction by John Bigelow. Scribner.
† "The Freedom of Life." By Annie Payson Call. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25 net.

Glimpses of John Hay

By J. B. G.

WITH other officers of the American Copyright League, I attended a hearing on International Copyright given by a committee of the Senate in January, 1886,—a few years before the United States tardily joined the other great countries of the world in granting protection to the literary property of foreigners. On the preceding evening I had been taken to the house of Mr. John W. Field, who had as his guest Mr. James Russell Lowell, the League's president. The next night I accompanied Mark Twain and the editor of the *Century Magazine* to the house of Mr. John Hay—then a private citizen—at the corner of H and Sixteenth Streets. The building was not yet quite finished or furnished, and we

were told, when we asked for Mr. Hay, that we should probably find him in the adjoining house, overlooking Lafayette Square, the home of his friend Mr. Henry Adams. We were so fortunate as to do so; and it will be long before I forget the evening I passed in company with these four authors, all of whom were at one in their wish to see justice done to their fellows across the sea. Mark Twain was as droll as usual, if not more so; and Mr. Adams, though not in particularly good spirits, easily lived up to his reputation as a graceful and pregnant talker. But my greatest pleasure was in making the personal acquaintance of his neighbor and guest, with whom I had already had some correspondence. He was in

excellent form that evening, and it is my misfortune, not his fault, that the only *not* I recollect of the many that were uttered before the little party dispersed at midnight, was his punning comment on hearing that Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, of the "South Sea Idylls," had gone over to the Catholic Church. "From my acquaintance with Stoddard," said Mr. Hay, "I never should have suspected he was the sort of man to drift to le'ward in that way."

My next meeting with Mr. Hay was in a Fifth Avenue stage, in the days before America's chief residential street boasted a smooth pavement. He may have spoken with the tongues of angels, but as his vocal organs were not reinforced with a megaphone, not my memory but my hearing is to blame this time for my failure to recall the good things his speech was garnished with. Not long afterwards, when inquiring the summer plans of certain noted authors, I addressed Mr. Hay, among the number, and received this reply:

I sail with my whole caravan for England on the first of June, to return in September. Grace aiding me, I shall do nothing all summer, except to masticate the lotus. I shall look at some pictures, eat some gooseberry tarts, cross some channels, thank Heaven I am not some Frenchmen, and try in all possible ways to forget that my evil star set me upon writing history.

In 1893 THE CRITIC gathered up the impressions produced upon such of the authors of America as had seen it by the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Each was asked to say what feature of the fair had most strongly impressed him. Mr. Hay, writing from Paris, dwelt upon the amazing beauty of the buildings and their setting, but said that what had most impressed him in this connection was European ignorance in regard to it. "The rest of the world knows nothing, and refuses to know anything, about it." He concluded a long letter on the subject with these words:

But it is not philosophical to quarrel about these matters. Contemporaneous history gives no account of the Crucifixion. Nobody knows anything about Shakspeare. The Chicago Exhibition has

fared better, at least, than these two events, the most important in the history of the human mind. A great many millions of Americans have brought away from it higher and nobler standards of beauty and grandeur than they ever had before.

When he was appointed Ambassador to England by President McKinley I arranged that he should sit for his photograph for THE CRITIC. A few days before he sailed from New York I met him by appointment at the Holland House. His time being precious, he suggested that my purpose might be served by a picture taken in the days when he wore a parted beard; but I held him to his promise, and in a few moments we were bowling up Fifth Avenue in a hansom. To my congratulations on his appointment, he quoted the Spanish proverb that charges Providence with withholding the nuts till it has withdrawn our teeth—adding that it would have meant much more to him if it had come twenty years earlier. Referring to the perhaps unprecedented frequency of his predecessor's after-dinner and other speeches, I ventured to guess that in this matter he would err, if at all, in the other direction (which proved to be the case). "I have already declined a dozen invitations to speak when I get to England," he replied.

The photographer being, like Mr. Hay himself, an Ohio man, took a special pride in having him as a sitter; and the latter, in turn, made his fellow-Statesman's task an easier one by "looking pleasant"—or at least "natural"—without waiting to be asked to. While the man of lights and shadows rolled him hither and thither around the studio, preparatory to taking pot-shots at him from different points of view, Mr. Hay talked freely and entertainingly, stopping short, now and then, in the middle of an anecdote, at the photographer's intimation that he was about to squeeze the bulb.

"I am not looking quite myself today, Mr. H—," he remarked once, with a serious air. "If you could contrive to score off say twenty years, you would be getting it about right, I think."

The photographer saw the joke, and, so far from subtracting a single year from the sitter's apparent age, rather emphasized the gray in his beard. The result was a group of portraits which Mr. Hay pronounced by far the best he had ever sat for. On the eve of his departure from England, he gave one of them to Queen Victoria, in response to the royal request, and in exchange for a signed photograph of herself.

Apròpos of a request for permission to print his Omar Khayyam and Sir Walter Scott addresses—two literary gems that established his reputation as a speech-maker in England—Mr. Hay wrote:

You never saw a people so willing and eager to be bored as these blessed John Bulls. If I were of the Neronic type, that takes delight in human anguish, I could make a speech every night the year round. But I refrain—being merciful, and lazy.

Later in the same year (August 11, 1898) Mr. Hay wrote from Ashford, England: "I must congratulate you on the first monthly number of *THE CRITIC*. I have just read it through—every word of it. It is all good stuff—and seventeen of the pictures I want to keep." Answering a request for leave to print this "unsolicited testimonial," as from a private letter quoted by permission, he replied:

I have no objection to your printing my letter if you like. But why should you like? Just look at —'s [naming a distinguished British statesman, who had written almost as enthusiastically], all curled and brushed. That is what you want. Get one like it from Richard Croker.

I have forgotten whether I sent you my daughter's book ["Some Verses," by Helen Hay]. There is the true thing, that I should have liked to do when I was young.

Ten days later than the date of the first of these two letters Mr. Hay acknowledged receipt of one of mine which had crossed it in the mails, felicitating him on his appointment as Secretary of State. "It gave me a comfortable sense of being at home," he wrote from London, "to hear your talk about Washington and the Depart-

ment, though the days of happy irresponsibility which I used to enjoy there are over, for the present."

In January, 1899, being asked to assist in a certain literary undertaking, he wrote from Washington:

It would be only a few hours' work . . . but, though it may seem ridiculous to you for me to say it, I have not the two or three hours at my disposition, and do not know when I shall have them. I am worked and worried almost into idiocy; but if ever I get a chance I will see about it. I do not know that I can well be more indefinite than that.

In June, 1900, he wrote to the same effect, in answer to a suggestion that he should write an introduction to Irving's "Sketch-Book," which was to be included in a series of literary classics:

I know you would not ask me to do it if you knew the state of cerebral fatigue in which every night finds me. It is absolutely impossible for me to pledge myself to a single hour of literary work while I am here.

When of late years I had occasion to visit Washington, after the business that called me there had been disposed of, I usually called at the Secretary's house; and generally was so fortunate as to find him at home and disengaged. He invariably talked with the greatest freedom—more, perhaps, than he would have allowed himself had the caller been a politician. On one occasion he was smarting somewhat from the Senate's rejection of a treaty which he had negotiated with the greatest pains, and had confidently hoped to sign (which he *did* sign, later on, when it had undergone certain modifications). "It was so favorable to America," he said, "that they suspected there must be something wrong about it that did n't meet the eye. Even—" (naming a prominent senator of his own party) "came to see me about it, and asked where the nigger in the woodpile was. As if," he concluded, "with my experience of the Senate, I would think of submitting a treaty to it that was n't virtually a Christmas present!"

To the same effect he wrote, *apropos* of Mr. Carnegie's introduction to the

compilation entitled "The American Idea":

As to the sentence you mark, about the "impossibility of obtaining a two-thirds majority for any measure which becomes involved in the vortex of party politics and personal quarrels," I think the sentence may end with the word "measure," because they are always so involved; or else two or three groups of men will attack a treaty of any importance from variegated cussedness.

On another occasion he spoke with strong feeling of a noted newspaper correspondent's frequent laudation of the Secretary of State, at the expense of his chief, President McKinley. "He reaches over my shoulders, in a friendly way, to hit a man I have known intimately all my life, and with whom I have never had a difference of opinion."

Once I charged Mr. Hay with pessimism. "No," he exclaimed with a smile, "I am an optimist. See what I was reading when you came in: 'Pippa Passes,'—

God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world!"

Late in the year 1901, referring to the fatal illness of his old associate Colonel Nicolay, and having in mind the recent assassination of the President, and the accidental death of his own son, Adelbert Hay, as well as other bereavements of very recent date, the Secretary said that he had lost more friends that year than in any previous year of his life. His expression was sad enough when he made this remark; but a moment later he added, with a twinkle in his eye: "I mentioned this, the other day, to —" (naming a high official in another department), "and his cheering comment was, 'Well, Mr. Hay, that is what one has to expect, when he reaches your age.'"

When, a few weeks later, I wished him "many happy returns" on reaching his sixty-third birthday, he answered: "Many thanks for your kind letter, . . . though why one should be congratulated on the greatest of human calamities—becoming sixty-three—it is hard to see. But it is the intention that counts, and so I thank you."

In the same year, on my expressing my gratification that Mr. Roosevelt had persuaded him to withdraw the resignation which, in common with the other members of the Cabinet, he had handed in on Mr. McKinley's death, he said: "The President has been most kind and considerate, and I have promised to stay with him as long as I can." When I quoted the first clause in this sentence to Mr. Roosevelt, the next day, "'Kind and considerate!'" he exclaimed. "There's no question of *kindness* in my attitude toward John Hay!"

From London, in the year 1902, I sent Mr. Hay a specially bound copy of Mr. William Watson's "Coronation Ode," with the poet's autograph on a fly-leaf. After acknowledging the modest gift, he added:

I quite agree with you as to the beauty and dignity of this memorable poem, which I have read several times with great pleasure, and which I shall hope to read often again in this exquisite book. I take it that the autograph is Mr. Watson's own, and not one of the many ingenious forms of reproduction with which the innocent collector is so often beguiled.

Sometimes when I wrote to the busy Secretary I was merciful enough to say that my letter called for no reply, and that I should expect none; and occasionally the unnecessary acknowledgment was omitted. Once, however, a brief note with this humane addendum called forth the following "characteristic reply: I have your letter and its enclosure, for both of which I thank you. I know you told me not to, but I like to say Hello occasionally to a good fellow myself."

I asked Mr. Hay, in the spring of 1904, whether he had not accomplished rather more than any of his predecessors in office. "Perhaps so," he replied, "in matters of detail." "Such as?" I inquired. "Well, as to the number of treaties signed, for instance. Only this morning, by the way," he continued, with a smile, "I received a letter from an admirer, who said he regarded me as the greatest living diplomat—with the possible exception of the Marquis Ito."

The last time I saw Mr. Hay was in

his stateroom on the *Cedric*, half an hour before he sailed for Italy, last spring. Wearing an overcoat and a soft felt hat, he lay on a couch beneath a porthole through which the sunlight streamed. His pallor alarmed me; but I was relieved by finding that neither Mr. White, the newly appointed Ambassador to Italy, whom I met at the dock, nor Mrs. Hay, who admitted me to her husband's presence, seemed

worried by his condition. I cut my visit very short, however, merely giving the Secretary a copy of Maeterlinck's remarkable essay "Our Friend the Dog," which I happened to be reading, and which he had not chanced to come upon, and remarking that if ever a man had earned a holiday it was he. The familiar deprecatory smile crept to his lips, as he replied: "I take my holidays as I go along."

Lady Bobs, Her Brother, and I

A Romance of the Azores

By JEAN CHAMBLIN

LETTER VII

THE CLOUD PARTY

PONTA DELGADA.

AND now, my dear Nora, you are to put aside anything that you happen to be doing at the moment and listen to me.

For the time being the DeGrey-Streeters' guns have been put out of action. But it took two American men-of-war to do it.

To say that with two ship-loads of officers our little island has been stood on its head, gives you but a bargain idea of our commotion. This in itself would have been enough for me, but, Nora, Cousin Tom and Dr. Morgan are on one of the ships, and my dear old friend Captain Leigh is commanding officer of the other.

Tom is just the same charming, unsentimental, penniless orphan as in the days when we used to buy cream puffs with our church contribution money. With his careless, well-groomed air and smiling irreverence he sets his own pace wherever he goes. Almost the first thing that he said to me was, "Say, Kate, how long are you in for?" Which will give you some idea of his opinion of my beautiful islands.

The men adore him and hold him their uncrowned hero of the Philippines. His record there certainly was fine.

Lady Bobs has claimed him for her own, while Mrs. DeGrey-Streeter has laid claim to every other brass button on board ship.

I did not take Cousin Tom into my confidence regarding the DeGrey-Streeters, and it followed quite naturally that they were included in all the courtesies of both ships. It also followed quite naturally, in Mrs. DeGrey-Streeter, that she should see, in the presence of these two ships here, an act of diplomacy on the part of the United States done in her especial honor; and that she should acknowledge this international move by corralling all the officers to take tea with her—and Victoria and Alexandra and Maude.

I suppose that when a woman has three marriageable daughters she may be forgiven much. And whereas I had no objection to her looking to the future of her twins and having a reserve or two for Victoria, I did seriously object to figuring as her guest on that or any other occasion. In point of fact she quite overlooked including me.

To say that the position was awkward puts it mildly, but God was good to me, and two days before the date set for the tea the maid came to my room and handed me a blessing in disguise. It was the card of

CECILE DE MORCHAIN.

I read it over several times and handed it to Lady Bobs. She had never heard of her. I tried so hard to remember, that I found the American side of me, and began speculating whether the woman came to sell typewriters or city lots. When one's Portuguese is confined to "Hot water," "Cold water," "Thank you," and "Good day," one is somewhat at a disadvantage. If the maid had had an imagination, I might have managed my regrets with "Thank you," plus "Good day." But this would have been asking too much of her, so I made my best bow to a strange woman in black silk and jet, and waited for the typewriter or the plan of city lots.

She said something very beautifully in French, my dear, and I sat down very slowly. I tried to forget my four Portuguese phrases, but they refused to leave me; even the old *Dona Maria* habit came back. But, fortunately, the French woman had more to say, and I had time to collect enough French to articulate something.

Gradually I understood that I was her "colleague," and she had come, in a fraternal spirit, to place herself at my disposal. It seems that the papers here had printed that I was several things that I'm not, and she was one of them. When I tried to put her right, she took it for modesty, and I don't know now just where we stand.

I learned later that she was a poetess. I should never have thought it. Yet, as I remember, the only other poetess who placed herself at my disposal had about the same chest expansion. As I first looked at her round eyes and round face and little round head placed on a very short neck, I must say that I thought city lots. But one never can tell, you know; this poetry microbe has strange habits, and makes its home in curious places.

To resume: she was fat, and sat on the edge of her chair. Her smile was pleasant and her hand-shake hearty. But she whirled things before her at a pace that took my breath away. I cannot tell how it happened, but, in some occult way, she arranged an expedition into the country.

I was to wait for her. She was to call for me. We were to take bread and butter, cheese and wine. On Thursday morning at eight o'clock sharp! Until then, at your service, Mademoiselle.

When one has lived for ten weeks in the same house with a chapel, one may be whirled from one's balance in a very simple fashion, and I walked into Lady Bobs's room rather light-headed.

"Well, who was she?"

"A Frenchwoman, and I'm going to Sete Cidades with her on Thursday."

"What?"

"Yes. I don't know just how it happened, but she has arranged it all. She thinks she is a 'colleague' of mine, you know."

"Could n't you get out of it?"

"I said 'yes' first, and translated what she said after."

Lady Bobs went on playing solitaire in a most irritating fashion.

I wanted sympathy, and I said, "Why don't you say something?"

"My dear, you need some one to look after you. My advice, in the meantime, is to study your French grammar."

"I left it at home with the stove."

Lady Bobs relapsed into the absorption of solitaire and studied her cards with a corrugated brow.

Through my confusion a light began to break and I smiled. I was realizing my deliverance from the DeGrey-Streeter tea. Why had n't I arranged for Friday instead of Thursday? But on second thought, that would have been too flagrant. Thursday would do, and I could raise up some obstacle against my return until Friday evening, even if I had to shoot every little donkey in Sete Cidades.

Lady Bobs looked at me as she shuffled her cards and said: "You'll tire yourself out utterly and look a fright at the tea. I think I'll speak to Dr. Morgan about it. I'm sure that he'll take my point of view."

She looked so innocent as she said it, that I was n't quite sure, until she smiled, that her keen eyes had taken in that situation.

Poor man, his ship has been cruising

in the West Indies and for months he has n't seen a woman that was n't black or English, and, well, he has the most skilful way of getting me off into corners that I've ever experienced. It never seems planned, but sooner or later there I am. I can't honestly say that I altogether mind. He's always interesting and has an imagination. That means so much in a man. You don't have to draw maps for him. His intuitions are keen, and without a word from him I know that he has scented the DeGrey-Streeter feud, although he does n't understand their tactics in throwing us constantly together, and I have not enlightened him. So you see there are wheels within wheels, and my little trip into the country may change the tempo.

Thursday came, and at eight o'clock in the morning we were driving through the country under a gray sky. The farther we drove the grayer the sky. Still the day was young and I was hopeful, and there was the tea back of me. After two hours and a half driving we left the carriage at the foot of the mountain, and placed ourselves at the mercy of three mules. The mules were familiar to me, but the saddles were of a new brand, although I doubt not that they had been the pride of many a dandy when Columbus stopped off to say his prayers at little Santa Maria over the way. The seat of the saddle was perfectly flat and had wooden handle-bars. A gentleman might straddle the divan in Frank's den with about as much grace and, I might add, more comfort. As for a woman, she sits sidewise and lets her feet hang in space, and her view is naturally restricted to one side of the road. However, when once she is in that saddle, the view becomes a minor detail.

I have said that there were three mules—of that third mule and its passenger, later on.

As it was, I headed the file, the corpulent Cecile de Morchain following with her loud crackling French, and the two guides trotting at our sides and chanting wailing cries to the mules.

The mist grew into fog, the fog grew into cloud, as we climbed. At last

we moved along a narrow ledge at the top of the mountain, and somebody turned on the clouds from both sides of it. I think that on the whole I am as brave as the average woman, but I do not like to think of that particular moment. The clouds rolled down an abyss to the right and left of me, in front of me the same gray blankness that hid the trail, and behind me that mad Frenchwoman with her poetic soul, who might throw a rhymed spasm then and there. No, my dear Nora, it was n't pleasant. And I will confess to you here that I was more afraid of that Frenchwoman than I was of the cloud-covered precipices. I always have had that feeling about large women who write poetry.

I might add that it was for the view from this particular ledge that I was supposed to have left my rag carpet. I thought of Lady Bobs sitting dryly at home, and the thought went deep. Besides, I had seen the man bringing her the Madeira mail as I drove away. There are some things that I should like to know.

Presently we went down the mountain. I say down, because the saddle took another slant; otherwise, it was all the same to me. The clouds were getting nearer and nearer my skin with each moment, and the leaves rained their dampness upon us. The Frenchwoman's vivacity ran down, and the third mule followed in the rear.

Ghost-like trees came out of the mist and as quietly went back again. Shadowy ferns lost their identity and faded away into the same silence. And we crept and slid on, with the clouds sifting nearer and nearer our skins.

When the day is bright it requires an Azorian grandfather to make an Azorian house seem cheerful. Nothing short of three generations can accomplish it. Notwithstanding, I left my mule and made for the primitive hotel with all the enthusiasm of a native. There was no fire; there never is. There are times when it is a wise provision of Providence that one does not speak fluently the language of those about one, and this was one of them.

We sat at luncheon with other travellers as wet as ourselves, three of whom I had known in America. Verily, it is a tiny world and God is good—they spoke English. Their surprise and pleasure helped me to cover my discomfort. I don't remember ever having been wetter or more thoroughly chilled in my life, but I had come to stay through that tea, and stay I would. How I could bring the Morchain to my way of thinking, was a problem I worked upon while I scattered airy persiflage about the table.

In the midst of it, the owner of our mules stood at the door and explained himself. He was an angel in disguise! He refused to take us out of the valley that night. It would be dangerous for the mules! Poor mules! We would have to stay where we were, and stay I did, while Mrs. DeGrey-Streeter entertained the officers with strong tea and weak conversation and—the twins.

After an honest attempt to express to the disturbed Morchain my perfect willingness to conform to Fate and the guide, I sent a messenger on foot to tell Lady Bobs of my plans, and then I retired to my room to think things over.

I sat upon the edge of a cornhusk mattress and looked at the wooden floor. I was interrupted by a little girl who brought in a big flatiron. She smiled and placed it in the middle of the floor, smiled, and went out. Instinct is strong within us, and it did not take me long to jump from the mattress and take off my coat and get to work. I shook out as many clouds as I could and ironed out the rest. It was a strange old iron, and I worked at each garment separately, from my steamer rug to my stockings. I shall never forget the joy of my soul as I saw the clouds rise from my stockings and go floating away, nor the luxury of their warmth as I put them on. And then I went to sleep.

The evening was full of charm. After dinner one of the peasants played the island guitar and sang the island songs,—strange, sweet, minor themes, ending abruptly.

Outside, the fog dripped from the tiled roof. Inside, shadows covered the

bareness of the room, and the candles burned diffidently. Occasionally the Frenchwoman made for a rickety table and wrote madly with a scratchy pen. She had several of these attacks. I always felt them coming. They were bursts of poetry. She handed one of them to the peasant to sing. He bowed gracefully, but looked worried, saying: "Ah, *Senhora*, it is not for me to sing this sadness. One day I tried to be sad, but could not."

More peasants strolled in, and I was able to see a peasant dance. To look at them as they came in you would think of many things before the dance. But when they were once at it, it was a revelation. If I could but give you some idea of it,—but I cannot. Like everything these people do, it was n't the thing they did so much as the spirit with which they did it. Our farmhands would have been awkward in their consciousness; these peasants were graceful in their free-and-easy unconsciousness. Their bodies seemed part of their own quaint music, and followed the sway of it with perfect time. Like the music, the dance is vague and undefined, with many repetitions and an abrupt ending. But it is part of the atmosphere—part of the crooked streets, irregular houses, bright colors, and gentle smiles; part of the music, the crosses, the birds, the cloud-fringed sky, and the sea. They must all go together; you cannot separate them; and that is why I cannot give you the charm of the dance, with the snapping of the fingers and the toss of the head.

I toddled off with my candle to my cold room and wondered if Lady Bobs really was as comfortable as I thought her, and what she had read in that letter from Madeira. And then I sank into a dreamless sleep that spoke well for my adaptability to beds of an extinct species.

On the next day, the hours that preceded the arrival of our conveyance the clock did not register. They were of another reckoning. Nothing but feminine obstinacy could have carried me through the depression of those hours. The other travellers got off before we did, and we were alone. Then

it was that the third mule came into the party.

This third mule carried a Spanish lady. Now, I don't speak Spanish and I refused to try. I had troubles enough with French and Portuguese and the clouds thrown in. Why she came I don't know. She did n't explain. I suppose the Morchain knew, but I have not got that far in my translation of that day. Driving out, she sat beside me in silent Spanish. At the table, she sat beside me silent in the same tongue. The evening had been full of shadows, and she sat in one of them. It was only in the morning glare that I began to distinguish her from the chair she sat upon.

Her face was narrow and colorless. Her lips were carmine, and when she smiled she showed teeth that interfered. When she raised her eyes, which was seldom, they were long and narrow, with a veil drawn over them, and heavy shadows under them. You know the kind. Men call them beautiful. Women do not insist upon their husbands seeing them home. Her scalp was tight-fitting. Her hair did n't seem to have any roots, and was parted on the side, with one curl on the bone of her forehead. Her shoulders were broad and her body was thin. Her hands were long and her finger-nails were short. On the whole, not a lady to juggle with, was the *Señorita Fog-in-the-Eyes*.

The Morchain broke out occasionally, but we all gradually settled down into absolute silence. You don't understand silence until you have felt it in three different tongues.

It was growing late, and I strained my ears for the sound of wheels and tried to look pleasant. I was grateful for the chickens; they diverted me. By now we were on very friendly terms, and they gathered about me sociably in the parlor, while I fed them. But the fog dripped and the silence hung.

Most things have their end, and so had this, and, best of all, I had accomplished my purpose. Three oxen and four horses pulled the carriage up the muddy mountain, and then off we went, without the oxen, back to town.

We left the clouds, the ghostly trees, and the shadowy ferns behind. I did my best to feel and appear interested, but I was wondering just how much one's good breeding depended upon the weather.

As we neared the town the sun came out of its hiding-place, and at the turning of the road we came upon Tom and Dr. Morgan and a number of other officers. Nothing would do but I must get out and walk back with them, and thoroughly glad I was to do it. The Morchain was profuse in her expression of the pleasure that my companionship had given her, and I started to answer in the same vein, but I bowed instead; I had got one look from *Señorita Fog-in-the-Eyes*.

The carriage rattled away, and I was surrounded by a circle of men who said they were looking for me, and what had they ever done to me? From all that I could gather the tea had not been a success. It seems that each man had asked Mrs. DeGrey-Streeter where I was; then they had left in squads, and taken to the Sete Cidades road. By the time I had reached Ponta Delgada, I had gathered them all together.

I could n't resist it, Nora; I know that it was cattish, but I let them go back with me. And I did not look at the little white cross as I walked up the chapel steps at the head of my prisoners of war.

There was a swish of four skirts and hurried footsteps down the hall and the slamming of four doors in the direction of the DeGrey-Streeters' stronghold. And Lady Bobs put her hands on my shoulders and looked quizzically into my eyes and gave a little enigmatical laugh.

Serenely,

KATE.

LETTER VIII

PLOTS IN THE PLURAL

PONTA DELGADA.

NORA DEAR:

I'm beginning to think with envy of you and the routine of your life. The tide of my complications grows

higher and higher, until there are times when I am swimming under water.

For a time Mrs. DeGrey - Streeter's sovereignty was deeply offended. Captain Leigh was the last straw. It seems that the DeGrey-Streeter Tea and my annex were the general talk of the mess, and Captain Leigh taxed me with it. His little lecture was fatherly but sweet, and I took it dutifully. But when I told him that I had not been included among the guests, his indignation was beautiful.

The next day he and the American Consul called in state. He was resplendent in yards of gold braid and dozens of glistening buttons. Their cards were sent to Lady Bobs and me only.

Lady Bobs and Captain Leigh had hit it off from the first. I think that his courtly manners and unconscious distinction gave her a new light upon the American gentleman.

He speaks very little of himself, but on that day he grew reminiscent and spoke of his cadet days. He told us how my grandfather had been the greatest influence in his life, and that he considered his having been appointed to Annapolis by him the highest honor that had ever been paid him. The exquisite charm with which he spoke of my mother and my old home touched me deeply. The whole conversation was handled delicately and naturally, but under it all I heard the definite, loyal note that sounded a challenge to any discourtesy offered to me.

This official elimination of the De-Grey-Streeters was the climax. To relieve the situation, Tom and Dr. Morgan and I entered into a conspiracy to run away.

Conventionality has thrown her lariat even about these far-away islands, and certain things are expected of one. Among these stand paramount the expeditions to Sete Cidades and Fournas. Having played Sete Cidades in a rather unconventional fashion, I shifted my ground, and became openly and deadly conventional. Tom and Dr. Morgan and I were to be seen for several evenings at dusk, stealing like criminals

from the highways, as we planned this most innocent flight.

I must admit to not having been altogether honest with the boys, for I had a motive on the side. Lady Bobs had been sending and receiving cables from Madeira, and I wanted to know if Brother George was coming, and yet I did not want to ask. I had no intention of being taken unawares by Brother George, with his wreath of African glory; so I looked innocent and thought perpendicularly.

The result of it all was, that I suggested the trip to Fournas to Lady Bobs. She wrote out another cable and agreed to go at once. So I thought I had found out what I wanted to know without asking.

Tom and Dr. Morgan carried out their plans, and their party went around by sea. I let the sunshine go straight to my head and drove away with the shawls and luncheon, paints and camera, a hot-water bag and Lady Bobs.

There was a determined cobalt-blue sky, immovable china-white clouds, and a shower of sunshine for the five hours that we climbed. The country, from its mountain-tops to its purple-rocked coast-line and its curling white surf, runs the gamut of greens. Herds of black sheep caught my eye, here and there, and held it, like the beauty patch on a fair woman's cheek. And rainbow villages flashed impertinently.

Still, disappointment lurked deep down. I had read of such a wonderful land of trees and ferns, of spreading palms and jungle woods, marvellous flowers and tropical vines stretching over this fairy land. Where were they? In the Astor Library my heart smote me, as I saw the rubber-tree and cacti hewn down to make a trail for such idle tourists as myself. Alas for my library dreams! None of these marvels are indigenous to the islands; they are but foreign prisoners in private gardens. I can never get over the feeling that a botanical garden is more like an orphan asylum than anything else.

I was looking out of my disappointment at the green stubble, when the driver gave the horses a cut with his whip and jumped lightly to the road.

He put his hands in his pockets, turned his face to the sea, and calmly walked after us. Lady Bobs shot up from her corner of the carriage, saying:

"My word, the coachman has left the box and we are going on alone."

I can stand a great deal when the sun is shining blessed warmth into the mildewed marrow of my bones, and this somehow did not disturb me.

"Kate, make him come back. This is not at all safe, going right away up a mountain, with no one holding the lines."

I politely inquired if she expected to meet an automobile. She reminded me that there were cows and other animals with long horns. And when I suggested that in such an event she would probably be safer where she was, she grew distant and began on the driver.

"You! You! Yes, you! Box—up—or carriage stop—me out."

He held his hat over his head during this and said, "*Si, Senhora*," and politely put his hat on again and resumed looking at the sea.

"Your construction is good, Lady Bobs, but that does not make it Portuguese."

There was quite a coldness in the carriage now, and in frigid tones I was asked if I would make the man stop, or preferred to have her jump out. To which I replied that there was no doubt but what she could jump much more gracefully than I could handle Portuguese, but of course it was always pleasant to accommodate the Lady

Hester Primrose Cary, and, smiling through the lightning of her eyes, I said:

"*O Senhor!*"

"*Si, Senhora.*"

"*Parae!*"

The horses were stopped and we got out. Lady Bobs regarded me with contracted eyelids: "Do you mean to tell me that that is all there is to it? just that one word?"

I struggled hard to control myself, but the laughter was jumping in my eyes, twitching at my lips, and buzzing in my ears. I leaned against the bank and laughed as one can laugh only in the open mountain air, where the sun is shining.

Lady Bobs had gone on a little, but she came back to say: "Kate, I'd like to box your ears."

"Why don't you?"

"Because it would n't do any good."

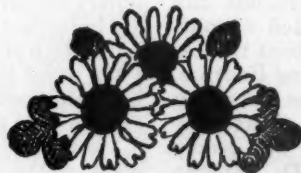
Her annoyance melted into laughter, and we trudged up the mountain, until the driver was again inspired to attach himself to the carriage. Lady Bobs kept her eye on him until we stopped for good before the little hotel and she was helped out by Tom.

We were allotted the same bare rooms and springless beds, but less light and more cold than had yet come to us. I found my pillows more decorative than useful, so I stood them in the middle of the floor, rolled my coat under my head, and slept the sleep of the better, with my stockings on.

Jauntily,

KATE.

(To be Continued.)



Some Notable Art Criticism

By ALBERT E. GALLATIN

THE separate monograph, concerning the work of some particular artist, is the form of art criticism now most in vogue. And the numerous elaborate volumes of this class which have appeared within the past few years include many which are really most valuable pieces of criticism, even if the text does not always attain to the same degree of perfection as the wealth of illustrations, photogravures which are masterpieces of the engraver's art, and the magnificent and sumptuous setting which these volumes have been given. A number of splendid volumes on the English artists of the eighteenth century, which have recently been appearing in England, are typical of the scholarly volumes on both ancient and modern painters which are now issuing from the presses of England and France, and many of these treatises are important and permanent additions to the history of art. Besides these we have had series without end of a less elaborate character, but not lacking in interest and value, and even these biographical and critical studies of well-known artists have been supplemented with excursions into almost all the artistic byways: prints and mezzotints, black-and-white drawings, the modern crafts movement, sculpture,—bibelots of every description, for both the creator and the connoisseur.

But it remains a fact in spite of all these books, that these efforts have been very scattered, and that England has produced no fine body of art criticism. Mr. MacColl's "Nineteenth Century Art," published two years ago, with its display of wide learning and its broad treatment, has filled a very real gap in English culture, and filled it, it may be added, in a most acceptable manner—the more so since the period covered in this great work was the period which had been most neglected. Before the advent of this volume, George Moore's brilliant set of essays collected under the caption

"Modern Art" was one of the very few authorities we possessed in English on the painters of the modern schools. Ruskin, whose opinions are now becoming less and less valued, was about the only other writer of renown.

This being the case, the volume before us,* a collection of critical essays on "old masters and new," possesses interest quite apart from the intrinsic value of the book; here is the advent of a critic with a somewhat extensive knowledge of art and an understanding of schools of widely differing sympathies.

In giving us for the most part sympathetic and thoughtful studies of the work of Michelangelo, Dürer, Frans Hals, and William Blake among his chosen "old masters," and of Burne-Jones, Puvis de Chavannes, and Whistler among the "new masters," Mr. Cox displays a fine appreciation of the best in art, although the inclusion of Velasquez among the former, and of Monet, the greatest of the Impressionists, and Rodin, one of the greatest sculptors of all times, among the later, would have given much more artistic symmetry to the volume—as would have the exclusion of Millais and Meissonier. But as it is, we have a really notable choice of subjects; and then we are to be thankful that Raphael, whom Whistler called "the smart young man of his day," did not find a place among this company.

The two essays in this volume which impress us as being the most striking are those on Puvis de Chavannes and Whistler, two artists whose work must always remain more or less incomprehensible to the general public. Mr. Cox's essay on Puvis is very enlightening, and his task of pointing out the artist's merits and qualities was certainly a difficult one, for, as the author says, his art "has been said to be the negation of everything that has always

* "Old Masters and New: Essays in Art Criticism." By Kenyon Cox. New York: Fox, Duffield, & Co.

been counted art, and to be based on the omission of drawing, modelling, light and shade, and even color." Our critic points out that his work must be seen in place: he quite rightly says that his masterpieces of decorative art in the Boston Library are killed by their too elaborate surroundings. He goes on to say that his drawing is austere and noble, and at his best he is "absolutely grand and absolutely sincere." The essay on Whistler is one of the most interesting and suggestive we have come across for some time.

Arthur Symons, in the course of an extended notice of MacColl's "Nineteenth Century Art" written for the

Fortnightly Review, found fault, and rather unfairly I think, with MacColl's literary composition. Mr. MacColl was much more of an artist than a writer, he declared; sentences and paragraphs in his book could be changed around without doing any harm, and so on. Criticism of the same sort might be applied to Mr. Cox, another artist turned man of letters, but if his style lacks that brilliancy which marks the man of great genius, and even if we do not come across the glittering epigrams which stick in one's mind in his essays, we have in their stead the sound technical knowledge of the artist, coupled with a keen sense of discrimination.

Southern Writers

By MRS. L. H. HARRIS

THIRTY-odd years ago, living writers in the South counted for more than writers do now, whether living or dead—which proves that we are progressing in the literary scale of things in spite of all we can do to the contrary. That was just after the war, and our assets along all lines were so small that we were disposed to make the most of what we had. Thus, in 1869, James Wood Davidson published what may be called his patriotic collection of "Living Writers of the South." There were 241 of them, and one third of the number were women. This was not altogether a lack of critical judgment on Professor Davidson's part; but, owing to the general stringency of the times, he felt justified in "watering" our literary stock. It was a foolish idea, and resulted in some foolish ideals for writers in this region. But besides admiring one another's virtues here, we have always been more or less inclined to pet each other's shortcomings, not only because the North has seemed over-anxious to criticise us for both, but it is the polite fashion of loyalty among us. Every one resents the truth when it is not flattering, but in the South we make a battle-ground

business of resenting it, which has made literary criticism too much a matter of circumspection.

This is why Professor Trent passed through an eclipse with more or less South Carolina lightning flashing into his darkness some years ago when he published an excellent but not entirely complimentary appreciation of William Gilmore Simms. Since then he has learned a polite, scholarly shrewdness which enables him to show the truth, rather than proclaim it as a personal discovery. His new book, which is a collection of Southern writers accompanied by brief biographical sketches and selections, is designed as a textbook to be used in schools. And he is well qualified to edit such a collection, because he is the author of "A History of American Literature." The breadth of his studies has given him perspective, and enabled him to appraise more accurately the work of Southern writers as compared with writers from other sections. He is also generous in his sympathies, willing to appreciate degrees of merit, and to take into consideration those conditions which make against perfection in art, but which do admit some excellence.

He is, however, less hospitable to the vagrant literary talent of the South than was Professor Davidson. Having considered the whole period covered by Southern literature from 1607 to the present time, he has selected 86 writers as representative and of sufficient importance to be included in the volume. Of this number, 16 are statesmen, soldiers, or merely public speakers, 38 are poets, and 6 are women. No historian of note, no scientific or philosophic writer is mentioned. This is accounted for by the fact that we are just now learning enough of our own resources to produce history. And we have not scientific writers because there is even yet little demand for this kind of information in the South. And we never shall produce writers of any note upon philosophic subjects because we are not capable of the intellectual abstraction necessary. We think too much in terms of mere personality, which gives a partisan glow to meditation, which is inimical to the dead calm of reflection out of which metaphysics and philosophies come.

Professor Trent has divided his volume into three parts. The first has to do with the writers of the Colonial and Revolutionary period, from 1607 to 1789. And it is important only because it is suggestive of those conditions and elements in the life of the people which afterwards colored all our writing and thinking. For even then the people of the South who counted for anything were aristocrats and publicists—two characteristics fatal to a sincere expression in every art; because in different ways both the aristocrat and the publicist are in an artificial relation to reality. The aristocrat poses before himself, before society, and in the ever-widening glory of his ancestors. Now a man with an aureole around his head may be honorable, but his very spirit has made a romantic departure from the actual truth of things, and he is forever incapacitated to portray the whole direful, heart-breaking part of it which lies hidden behind his mansion shadows. His baronial imagination inclines him to spread a cloth-of-gold sentimentality

over all harsher facts of life. And the publicist who sways the senate with his eloquence may have saved the country from ruin many times, but he could not produce pure literature because he could not in his largeness tell the private-featured truth, nor draw the artist's line between personality and composite humanity. His splendid rhetoric sustains the same relation to literature that a stream does to the sea. It is not the real thing—simply a gigantic impulse of it which is, in the very nature of things, ephemeral.

But in order to defend the Old South from the charge of literary sterility during the seventy-five years that elapsed between the inauguration of Washington and the assassination of Lincoln, Professor Trent has included the names of many publicists of one sort or another in his "Second Period." And he is justified in the sense that orators, soldiers, and statesmen more nearly expressed the genius of the Southern people than their writers of polite literature did at this time. Still, if the young pupil who studies this book has a logical mind and any knowledge of history, he is apt to have some difficulty in understanding why Sam Houston, for instance, and even General Robert E. Lee are set down as "Southern Writers." That these men were instrumental in creating conditions which were favorable to the production of literature is certain, but it must have required a sort of patriotic stretch of Professor Trent's literary judgment to number them as representative "Southern Writers."

Referring to this period, he says: "Yet the people who produced these statesmen and soldiers, who were unexcelled in those private manners and virtues which in the old adage 'maketh man,' made in seventy-five years so small a contribution to the literature, and art, and science, and industrial improvement of the world that they are often represented, erroneously, as exponents of a lower order of civilization than was to be found elsewhere in America." He goes on to admit that the "institution of slavery retarded the South industrially

and affected its mental development detrimentally in many ways," but he inclines to the view that "the failure of the South to contribute greatly to literature, art, and science was due to no mental or spiritual defects on the part of the Southern people, but to conditions inseparable from a rural aristocratic system. Country gentlemen have in no age or land done much to aid the artistic and scientific development of the world, and the Southern planters were no exception to this rule." But conditions and institutions do not explain everything that went right or wrong in the South any more than they do elsewhere. After all, it is the people who are responsible for both, and there is a mystery back of them which has to do with temperament and personality, and which accounts for what they do or fail to do, including their conditions and institutions. Thus during this period of literary sterility in the South, the Transcendentalist School was flourishing in New England. And it flourished because the New England mind is more initiative, more subjective than the Southern mind. Emerson and others were simply the medium through which we received Carlyle's *Teufelsdröckh* tonic. For, just as the South coveted the romance of living grandly, heroically, and a little absurdly, New England coveted "the best gifts" along the lines of intellectual and moral development, and she is still the more accomplished artist at reproducing them in her own likeness. She has a genius for applying other people's ideas to her own moods and tenses in such a way as to improve both. Meanwhile, the South received none of the impetus toward literary achievement which was communicated to the Transcendentalists, because, however much her people were lacking in originality, they were vaingloriously incapable of imitation. And so we have nothing in Southern literature which corresponds with the Emerson era in New England.

But this is only half the explanation. The South produced orators and public men rather than literary artists, not only because she needed statesmen to

defend her institutions, but because by temperament the Southerner is a sort of demigod (he is as far as any other man from being a demagogue), and he prefers to stand above the eyebrows of a crowd, demonstrating the fact in appropriate language, to writing a book. And the old South offered him more opportunities for developing along this line than any other. Thus the failure to produce creative literature came from an immense self-consciousness. The creative mind is essentially subjective, receptive from the outside, and the Southerner of this period could not abnegate his own monumental sense of personality (which covered his plantation, his slave-quarters, and his relation to the State) enough to see clearly and to tell truthfully anything apart from his own experience. Again, the literary artist must be open to conviction, and this is an important limitation of the writers of that period in the South. They had not even the freedom of mind to imitate what was foreign, as was the case with the New England Transcendentalists. And, finally, they lacked the patience to take pains with their work. No one expected literary perfection of them, and with the exception of Edgar Allan Poe, Henry Timrod, and a few others, all they wrote was characterized by that amateurishness which was the hall-mark of literature in the Old South. It had more sentiment, humor, and chivalry in it than artistic merit.

In Professor Trent's opinion, John Esten Cooke's "The Virginia Comedians" was probably the best romance written by a Southerner before the Civil War, with the exception of the chief stories of Simms and Kennedy. But the very manner of aristocratic living in Virginia at this time was so decorative that literary expression partook of the same romantic artificiality. And, doubtless, Simms did the best he could, but the spirit of his times was brave, eloquent, honorable, not veracious, in the artist's sense of the term. He could not therefore be expected to fit words to realities. The nearest he could come to presenting a young woman under the stress of strong emo-

tion was to call her a "terrified damsel." In short, the Southerners were a valiant, splendid people who were still living at this time in the back of the seventeenth century, and from a point of view where they did not feel the need of literary art.

Professor Trent calls especial attention to the poets of the Civil War. With the exception of Henry Timrod's "Ode" for the Confederate dead in Magnolia Cemetery, and Randall's "My Maryland," which he thinks will compare favorably with the best pieces of their kind in the world's literature, he says, "Little of it, perhaps, rises to the level of high art"—but "it was marked by a deep sincerity, and on the Southern side especially, by an intensity of emotion that somewhat hampers cool criticism." That is the point. Everything the Southerner is or has done challenges calm criticism upon the same grounds. It is difficult to pass academic judgment upon products so far removed by nature from academic thought. Therefore, Southern poets wrote poems during the Civil War that will live forever in the hearts of the people, not so much on account of their intrinsic merits, but because they are the battle-ends of Southern emotions tied into verse, the dirge of a noble people's death-cry.

The third part of the volume deals with the literature of the New South. The war opened a bloody chasm, sinking down through which the South at last reached the bed-rock of reality—that sort of reality upon which the rest of society had long planted itself. This required a change in the people's manner of life, in their points of view, and, of course, in their literary interpretation of things. After Reconstruction the renaissance began. Lanier, Cable, Harris, Russell, Page, Miss Murfree, and others began to write out the best that the Southern genius was capable of expressing. And it is commonly conceded that they did as well if not better than has been done anywhere else in the country.

Professor Trent thinks that the living poets of the South "hold their own with those of other sections in that

careful technique which is the chief merit of latter-day verse throughout the English-speaking world." We have not made so impressive a showing in history and scholarship, but work along this line has been "creditable." The novelists, however, of the last ten years "have not continued the high level of promise and achievement attained between 1880 and 1895." He does not venture an explanation of this falling-off, but it is doubtless due to the hurry, impatience, and greed occasioned by the introduction of the progressive commercial and industrial spirit into Southern life. Along with everything else fiction is in danger of sinking to a financial basis. A new novel becomes more and more a question between the author and the publisher, and less and less a voluntary, unhampered expression of life inspired by purely artistic motives. This is why we continue to be persecuted with stories of the Civil War period. The reading public, which is *not* in the South, retains a romantic interest in a class of people who no longer exist, and the like of whom they never saw among themselves. For, although the Northern people never have approved of what the Southerner was, he still appeals more strongly to their imagination than any other character in fiction. The publishers are well aware of this fact; thus it happens that so long as Cyrus Townsend Brady can think up a Southern heroine in a pink dress who stamps her small foot at the Southern rake in the story, or who rides a horse with a "watered silk" mane and tail, he will find a purchaser for his books. All this is well enough for the people of the North if they are so sick for fairy lore about the South, but it is hard upon writers from this region who are making an honest effort to produce vital fiction. It is doubtful if any of them would recognize an up-to-date novel of Southern life even if such a thing were to be had. Meanwhile, we of the South do not read enough, apparently, or we have not sufficient literary patriotism to encourage modern authorship. Our patriotism is still too *ante-bellum* in spirit.

Books on the Far East

By WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS

IT was Mr. Fox's sad experience to discover that "the Japanese smile" is not quite all that Lafcadio Hearn, from the depths of his highly subjective, poetic, and sensitive nature, made it out to be. He went out to be a war correspondent in Manchuria, but that unto which he attained was smiles and promises, with long waiting and exasperating disappointment. He has given us a book* very pleasing in its literary finish, and one that will have its weight in producing what is quite likely to come pretty soon—a reaction in American opinion concerning Japan and her people. For, fed on the out-gushings of a school of writers, impressionistic, subjective, and perspectiveless as a poster, much of the atmosphere of ultra-appreciation of the Japanese is decidedly unhealthy. Mr. Fox is very guarded, and is as self-controlled as a Japanese in his intimations. Yet surely he would not have us believe that, through the introduction of tables and chairs, the Japanese legs have lengthened "three inches" in one generation. Let us be satisfied with the reality of one sixth of that length.

Mr. Richard Barry has gathered up his articles and pictures contributed while in the camps and trenches in front of Port Arthur,† which we have all read and are glad to read again. He shows with print and picture how little human life is valued in war time, and how thoroughly prepared the Japanese were to fight for their existence, when the long-expected struggle came. Barry knows how to tell a story in words and sentences that seem part of the war itself. One thing is certain, —that the pastime of killing has lost much of its romantic interest and is more a matter of science and machinery than ever before. It is a scheme in which telephones and typewriters seem to be as important as shrapnel and shell.

Mr. Barry's text is well up to his title.

Great Britain, the greatest mother of nations, raises up in some admirable and mysterious way practical statesmen, who are able to rule colonies and races. Not content with this, she bears and equips a child that can go among new peoples in hot climates, take notes, and compare the talents of men. Alleyne Ireland, traveller, student, critic, has shown the successes and failures of the white man from the north, as, under the vertical rays of the sun, he tries to replenish and subdue the earth. Mr. Ireland knows well how to tell his own experiences and those of administrators, as well as to formulate his opinions and judgments. In this volume,* he gives a group of studies on various phases of British, American, French, and Dutch colonial administrations and policies. Text, style, arrangement, appendices, bibliography, and index make this volume a very precious one to all serious students of the colonization question, of our Philippine policy, and of the white man's control of the tropics. His comparison of the cost of governing the Philippines with that for the same thing attempted, and in many things done better, in other colonies, will open some eyes very wide. Mr. Ireland has wit and vision, and in his style are clearness and force. He has made a difficult subject interesting.

The Japanese story that is told with the stained-glass between the eye and the sun, is yet to be told. Nevertheless fiction which has genuine sympathy as its informing spirit becomes a true interpreter as well as the beguilement for an hour. Mrs. Fraser, who wrote "Letters from Japan" as no other mortal, man or woman, has written them, here tells us a story† of life on the border line between the civiliza-

* "Following the Sun-Flag." By John Fox, Jr. New York: Scribner.

† "Port Arthur: A Monster Heroism." By Richard Barry. New York: Moffatt, Yard.

* "The Far Eastern Tropics." By Alleyne Ireland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin.

† "A Maid of Japan." By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Henry Holt. \$1.25.

tions of the Orient and the Occident. Mrs. Fraser knows her Japan thoroughly,—the charm of sky and water, the illusoriness of the sunrise or sunset hour, and the moonlight haze. She knows fairly well, also, the human heart of the variety most common in Cherry Blossom Land. She has a wonderful vocabulary, mastery of language, fine literary finish, and a keen sense of the dramatic. There is no false step or slip of the pen in her word drawing and shadings of Japanese life.

The American teacher in Japan naturally delights in showing us the educational development of the Japanese. In his well illustrated and indexed book,* mate to his "Japan To-Day," the college president, Dr. Scherer, pictures for our delectation the early culture, the adolescence, and the modern school-days of the nation that is now teaching both Russia and China, as well as giving the world in general something to think about. He does not, however, go very far behind the looking-glass, for he tells us little of the philosophy which, introduced into Japan especially since the opening of the seventeenth century, and more particularly cultivated and set forth by native scholars during the first half of the nineteenth century, produced both the men who wrought the revolution of 1868, and who in 1905 have led the triumphant armies and navies of rejuvenated Japan. Nevertheless from experience with the young men, whom he personally taught during five years in Japan, he knows well the daily mental pabulum of the Mikado's subjects. He shows how in modern days the Japanese were shown the true path of progress. He does not for a moment attribute the creation or nourishment of the native genius of Nippon to aliens, but he does show conclusively that at the critical moment Americans gave the right direction to the long-pent-up energies of the new-born people, while Mikadoism furnished the unifying principle which transformed scores of petty municipalities into a real nation.

* "Young Japan." By J. A. B. Scherer. Lippincott. \$1.50 net.

Professor Clement has not only the eye of a literary artist but a true catholic spirit and an intensely human appreciation of history in the making. These qualifications enable him to tell in the most praiseworthy way the story of the inworking and outworking of the greatest of all forces in the shaping of the new Japan.* His narrative and picture will certainly not suit the narrow-minded. About one third of his book is historical, another third deals with the Christians of various stripe and theory who carry qualifying adjectives along with their grand Christian name. As to those called Roman Catholic, while the educational or literary forces are only moderate, they have no superior in the works of charity and philanthropy. The Greek Catholics are led by the Russian Bishop Nicolai, a veteran, who has sent his young priests, most of them trained in Russia, to teach the ignorant Russian prisoners now in Japan how to read and write their own language. The various names and divisions of Protestant Christianity, with their works and tendencies, are treated of in due proportion, and literature, education, religious freedom, and sociological movements are luminously discussed. With index, tables, and other equipment for a book to be studied, this has also a decided literary charm, revealing a man who loves flowers, folklore, the poetry and traditions of the Japanese.

For an enjoyable book of travels, commend us to the woman with sharp eyes, especially the one on horseback, who can stand the physical fatigue and writes down her notes promptly. Such a book † we welcome from the lady who went into Moab, Galilee, and Samaria, and dedicated her book to the doctor of the expedition "on the eve of starting together upon a longer journey." She rode down to Jericho, and into the Jordan Valley. She draws a picture of the hot trough of the Dead Sea, in which "six million tons of water are daily evaporated by the sun." We have read scores, possibly hundreds of trav-

* "Christianity in Modern Japan." By Ernest W. Clement. Baptist Education Society. \$1.00.

† "In a Syrian Saddle." By A. Goodrich-Freer. Methuen. \$2.00 net.

ellers' tales of this region, but her story reads like a fresh one. Her sense of humor is keen, and the contrast between the sublime of sacred written story and the ridiculous,—the Arab and his animals and parasites of to-day,—makes for her a saving grace which the reader enjoys with the writer. When among the eastern highlands and along the old seashore and battle plains, reddened now only by flowers, she forgets not how the landmarks speak the eternity of all but man. Amid the wreck and flux of things human, seen in history's perspective, she feels the spiritual thrill from that life that gave the creed of creeds. On every one of her pages we feel the souging of reverential regard for that one of the sons of men who made the land of fleas and beggars, lepers and ruins, still so grandly worth the travelling in.

With copious illustration as truthful as photograph can make it, and with descriptive text as gay as is the normal

Frenchman's, one can in such a book * get pretty close to the Chinaman and realize his daily life. Émile Bard pictures here the human being of China, rather than the things foreign which but slightly influence him. He is chary in making comparisons with other nations. Even when treating of things extra-human, such as money, finance, trade, and commerce, he shows how success or failure in these things depends upon human nature, and especially the local varieties of it. The abysmal difference between a Western man and a son of Han is that the former has lived a more or less individual life, while to the latter all existence is communal. Altogether this is a clever and readable book and will help in the slowly but surely coming union of the East and the West. Perhaps it will aid in ameliorating our exclusion laws.

* "Chinese Life in Town and Country." Adapted from the French of Émile Bard. By H. Twitchell. Putnam. \$1.20 net.

Earth-born

By LOUISE DRISCOLL

My soul, like wheeling swallows in the rain,
Flies low—flies low—
Unto the roofs wherein desires remain
And earthly lusts, like slow-fed embers, glow,
Nor skies beyond gray clouds aspire to know
My soul, like wheeling swallows in the rain.

My soul, like swallows, builds her nest and bides
Under low eaves,
Within whose shelter, guarding, love resides
And, careful, tender fledglings broods and feeds,—
Changelings, that flesh by fettered spirit breeds—
My soul, like swallows, builds her nest and bides.

My soul, like restless swallows, knows her wings,
Hears the air cry,—
The wide free air, where, higher, the lark sings,
And ever bends to lure her the blue sky,
And ever call the clouds that idle by.
My soul, like restless swallows, knows her wings.

A Concord Note-Book

Ellery Channing and his Table-Talk

THIRD PAPER

By F. B. SANBORN

THIS evening (May 9, 1897), Channing began to speak of Hawthorne again: he inquired if I had read his daughter Rose's "Memories of Hawthorne." I said yes, and spoke of Hawthorne's characterization of S. G. Goodrich in a letter to Elizabeth Peabody in 1857,—that "he fed and fattened on better brains than his own." Hawthorne, said Channing, "had not the means of living" (his favorite phrase for pecuniary independence) when he made up his mind very early to be an author; therefore he was ready to work for any man who would employ him; Goodrich was the one who found him first, and so he worked long and diligently for Goodrich. Several of the Peter Parley series were written by Hawthorne, and a great many tales and sketches in the "Token" which he afterwards collected into the "Twice Told Tales" and "Mosses." I said there were several of his "Token" contributions which H. did not include; perhaps he forgot them. "No, he never forgot anything; it was not his way." They were not good enough, C. thought, to be republished; many of them were poorly written, just for the money to be got for them. Hawthorne did not seem to value what he wrote very much; but he had the power to make books like the "House of Seven Gables," and the "Scarlet Letter," which showed an original talent such as very few Americans had. Mr. Emerson did not think so; he never read Hawthorne,—I don't suppose he read a line of him; that was his way; he only read the books that gave him something, and that was not the case with Hawthorne's. He made a great reading of Goethe,—more than fifty volumes,—read them all, even the books that most do not read; also he read Varnhagen von Ense, and Rahel,

and the women in whom Goethe took an interest,—Von Arnim, too; but not Bettine much,—she did not interest him. I seldom heard him say anything about American writers; there were not many who could give him original things, unlike what he had every day,—that was what he wanted. Mr. Emerson was superior to other men; he was three or four men in one.

"I inherited Thoreau's river-boat from Hawthorne, and kept it in repair for some years before it went to pieces. It was mended for me at one time by the wise blacksmith, Farrar, grandfather of the New York sculptor, Frank Elwell, who was brought up by his grandfather, and learned to be a good smith before he studied art in Concord or in Europe. Mr. Farrar was an inventive but very silent man, with a vein of mysticism or superstition, and was fond, like the rest of us, of roaming in the pastures and woods. We who rambled thus habitually (Emerson, Thoreau, etc.) were known as 'the Walkers,' but neither Hawthorne nor Mr. Alcott belonged to our fraternity. This was singular, considering how closely Hawthorne observed, and how well he described nature; but he was a singular man, as I have said. His business was writing, and he pursued it with much industry and persistency. His son Julian looks like his father, but does not resemble him in mind.

"He was apt to be silent, and did not seem interested in aught but his own thoughts. The only person I ever heard him speak of with affection was his classmate, Horatio Bridge, often mentioned in his 'Note-Book,' which Mrs. Hawthorne edited, and, I suppose, connected its fragments together by remarks of her own. When I read it the style did not seem to be exactly Hawthorne's. He wrote a small hand,

and stood at his high desk, or sat on a tall stool to make his entries. Probably he did not wish to have the sedentary habit, which he had heard was unwholesome. He had no habits. His friend Bridge took the MS. of the 'Mosses from an Old Manse' to the publishers, Wiley & Putnam, in New York, and made the arrangement for its publication.

"When a custom-house officer at Salem, where a good part of the commerce was with the Guinea Coast, and the Pingrees used to send out new rum for the negroes there, Hawthorne would go about the casks on the pier with a test glass for spirits, and drop it into each cask, to prove its quality; he told me 'he was determined the niggers should have good strong rum.' At the Salem custom-house there were aged officials whom I have seen sitting out in the open air, as described humorously in the introduction to the 'Scarlet Letter.' The Salem people resented this; but probably it had not occurred to Hawthorne that it would give offence; he was not likely to have thought of it."

Qualifying what he had said about Emerson's not reading Hawthorne, C. added that Emerson once admitted to him that he could not read the "Scarlet Letter" and other books by Hawthorne,—"they were too pathetic; Emerson could not get along with anything so pathetic. There was, to be sure, a good deal of misery in Hawthorne, and that was the source of his pathos." But in writing to Mrs. Sanborn (June 18, 1864) a few weeks after his death, Channing said:

"My poor Hawthorne! the dearest, sweetest, kindest of all human creatures to me. I loved him as one loves a pet. He was all love and sweetness and dearness to me. Where is all that now?"

In the same letter he adds: "I never know where I put any piece of my poetry; but I have found a scrap that contains this:

Where thou shalt be, where I shall be,
Not remotely that I see,—
Shady walks and woodland glen,

Where laurels sleep, there slumber men,—
What of them *can* fade, and be
Spoils of Earth's futurity."

These lines were originally written to Mrs. S. H. Whitman, of Providence, and allude to a visit made with her in 1853 to the Swan's Point cemetery, where Mrs. Whitman is now buried. They picture well enough, however, the Sleepy Hollow groves where Channing himself lies buried, not far from Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Emerson.

In November, 1863, a year and a half after Thoreau's death, Channing wrote to me:

"This is confidential; I do not wish it communicated to Mrs. S. or any one. My plan is to prepare a sketch of Mr. H. D. T.'s life,—perhaps to make a book of 300 pages. I suppose I could complete this so that it may be printed in January (1864) perhaps. What I need for any alacrity in the task is some *friendly* guarantee of pushing on the enterprise; and I have no one now to confide the matter with but you. I am very unwilling to ask your aid in this undertaking, but I cannot see my way without aid; and I have thought perhaps we might find a publisher in Mr. Redpath.

"I feel entirely certain that you will always afford me all the aid you can; but it does not diminish my unwillingness to ask it. Then there are many reasons why this is a matter of confidence that I cannot explain. . . . I have no plan respecting the sketch except this,—I will try to write it and have it ready by January 1st, when you shall get it published.

"That justice can be done to our deceased brother by me, of course, is something I do not think of. But to you and me is entrusted the care of his immediate fame. I feel that my part is not yet done, and cannot be so without your aid. My little sketch must only serve as a note, an advertisement, that such a man lived; that he did brave work, which must yet be given to the world. In the midst of all the cold and selfish men who knew this brave and devoted scholar and genius, why should not you be called on to

make some sacrifices? even if it be to publish my sketch.

"There might be persons who, if they were to surmise that we had this object in view, would hire some literary jackal to dig up and befoul our brother's corpse. With this, then, let us conclude. About January 1st expect the sketch,—with no shadow of patronage or request in it but your own and mine."

Channing's sensitiveness had been aroused by certain ill-informed and seemingly ill-natured attacks on Thoreau, which had appeared since his death; and by the fact that the public, as Emerson said in his funeral oration, "knows not yet, or in the least part how great a son it has lost." Even Emerson himself, with all his noble generosity, was felt by Channing and the Thoreau family not to have fully recognized his friend's affectional side; and Channing had spasms of injustice towards Emerson. He was also, at this time, a little at variance with Sophia Thoreau, whom he had aided in editing the "Maine Woods." I was editing the Boston *Commonwealth*, agreed to copyright and print the sketch there, and began to do so; when, after some weeks, Channing in a pet withdrew the manuscript. I did not see it again until I found a publisher for it; and it was printed in book form in 1873. Eight years earlier, upon the appearance of Emerson's truncated edition of the Letters and Poems (August, 1865), I said in the *Commonwealth*:

"No man was more American, in the ideal sense, than he who voyaged on Concord River and dwelt by the wooded shores of Walden. A dim perception of this fact is causing his later books, and especially those printed since his death, to find a sale which the earlier ones never had. None of them, probably, will be more eagerly read than the recently published letters, to which the editor, Mr. Emerson, has added a few poems (chiefly reprints) as specimens of Thoreau's faculty as a poet. Neither these letters nor these poems must be accepted as a complete edition of what Thoreau left behind. Several

of his correspondents have been entirely overlooked in this collection of his letters, and many of the letters to his family have been omitted for personal reasons. Most of the verses left in manuscript have also been omitted, and of those already printed not a fifth part is given in this selection. There is hope that some of the missing letters may be added in a new edition, and that, sooner or later, a perfect collection of all his verses, both what he composed and what he translated, may be given to the world. It is due to the individuality and the singular originality of his genius that such a volume should be prepared. There are his journals, too,—a rich mass of observations on every aspect of nature and of the soul which he saw,—from which it would be possible to draw more than one volume of selections, if the whole cannot be printed. . . .

"These Letters show much of the genuine life and spirit of Thoreau; they bring us nearer to him, and to his point of view, than anything else has ever done; and while they will be a stumbling-block to some, and 'foolishness' to many more, they will be hailed with delight by those for whom they are meant. These lovers of the ideal, the humorous, and the austere, will not be annoyed by paradoxes, shocked by plainness of speech, or fatigued by iteration; they will perceive how serene, wise, and virtuous was the soul which could clothe its thoughts in words so unwonted. For such readers a commentary will some day be needed, however,—they will wish for a guide-book of his localities, and a directory of his names; to know who were Mr. A., and Mrs. B., and Mr. C., etc., and what were the incidents alluded to and not detailed."

Time has fully verified this anticipation, and Thoreau is now getting elucidated in many directions. While reprinting Channing's biography in 1902 (published by C. E. Goodspeed, Boston), I added much in the way of explanation; and in the forty years since the first edition of the Letters came out, not less than twenty volumes, by Thoreau or about him, have

been published, and three or four more are in press. In December, 1896, long before that admirable volume, "Daniel Ricketson and His Friends" was published by his two children, I heard from Anna and Walton Ricketson interesting details of these friends, which may be quoted:

"In October, 1868, six years after Thoreau's death, the Ricketsons came up from New Bedford, where they were then living, to spend some days with Mrs. Thoreau and Sophia, at the house where Thoreau died. Mr. Channing was then living at his own house (the old Concord Academy building, in which, at one time, John and Henry Thoreau had a private school), and had not visited the Thoreaus for some time, on account of severe remarks made to him by Mrs. T. when calling. Sophia wished to renew the acquaintance, and, as the young Ricketsons were going to take a walk with Mr. C. she asked them to invite him to tea with them at her mother's. They went round to his house, and, while Walton hid behind the corner of the house, Anna (who had been a favorite with C. at New Bedford, ten years before) knocked, and, as C. came himself to open the door, made the request that he would go with her and her brother to Walden. He said if they would wait ten minutes he would; changed his dress somewhat, and joined them. They walked through the Walden woods, and Walton cut a swamp huckleberry stick for a cane, on which he carved the date (October 18, 1868) Mr. C. being very gracious and accepting the invitation to tea with the Thoreaus. They afterwards took another walk with him to the decaying cabin of Thoreau, on the Estabrook road and near the chestnut woods, where it stood as a granary for Farmer Clarke from 1850 till about 1873."

In 1868, although Channing had written a great part of his "Life of Thoreau," and about a fifth of it had been printed in my *Commonwealth*, it was still incomplete. In 1871, when Channing's poem, "The Wanderer," had come out with a certain success, I induced Thomas Niles, the literary head of the house of Roberts Brothers, to

undertake the "Life of Thoreau," and in 1872, after my return to Concord from Springfield, Channing gave me the manuscript complete, as he said, and Roberts began to print it. Mr. Niles then thought there was not matter enough to make so large a volume as he wished to bring out, and desired C. to furnish more. Instead of weaving in material here and there, C. opened his manuscript in the middle, and inserted the chapter or two needed; and used for this insertion (in part) a manuscript of "Walks and Talks" which he had written twenty years before as a record of conversations with Thoreau and Emerson, including bits from their manuscripts or journals, to which he had access with their consent. In this way there appeared verses which Emerson had not then printed, and at whose appearance he was vexed. In the same way C. used some passages from Thoreau's Journals; so that, in 1873-74, when I was living in Sophia Thoreau's house (her mother being dead, and she at Bangor), she desired the Journals, which she had left in the house, to be removed to the Town Library, fearing, as Mr. Emerson told me, that Channing would have access to them. For a similar reason she did not take his advice to leave the Journals to me at her death, but gave them to Mr. Blake, of Worcester.

The brother and sister said, when asked about the visit of Thoreau, Alcott, and Channing at their New Bedford house (Brooklawn) in April, 1857, that Thoreau sang and danced there to the accompaniment of Mrs. Ricketson's piano. Mr. Alcott, then giving Conversations in New Bedford, visited the Ricketsons for two or three weeks. Thoreau went there April 2d, and returned April 15th; but was at Plymouth and elsewhere part of the time. Channing, then living in New Bedford, came out to dine or take tea at Brooklawn several times a week. On this particular evening, Daniel Ricketson and Channing, after tea, had gone out to the "shanty," where the friends smoked and talked, while Alcott and Thoreau remained with Mrs. R. and Walton. Anna was taking her usual walk on the

verandas, before going to bed. As Mrs. R. struck up a lively Scotch air ("The Campbells are Comin'"), Thoreau felt moved to try a dance, and did so, —keeping time to the music perfectly, but executing some steps more like Indian dances than the usual ballroom figures. Anna was so amused at the sight, which she saw through the window, that she ran and called her father and Channing, who came and looked on,—Alcott sitting on the sofa, meanwhile, and watching the dance. Thoreau continued the performance for five or ten minutes; it was earnest and spontaneous, but not particularly graceful.

During this visit Thoreau sang his two favorite pieces,—Moore's "Row, Brothers, Row," and Dibdin's "Tom Bowling,"—both of which, no doubt, reminded him of his brother John. Mrs. R. accompanied him on the piano, and presently Anna procured for him the music of "Tom Bowling," which he had before sung by rote, with spirit and in good time, but not quite in tune, perhaps. At any rate, when he sang this air to my guests at a dinner-party in Concord, the next year (1858), my classmates Morton and Lyman being there, Morton, a good musician, saw some defect in the voice or tune. This was the only time I ever heard Thoreau sing. My landlord was Charles Wetherbee, who had skill in serving dinners, and we dined, four or five of us, with some luxury. Morton sang his college songs, and this induced Thoreau to sing. Channing was still in New Bedford, or he would have been invited. From March, 1855, to April, 1858, I had lived in C.'s house, just across the road from Thoreau's, and usually dined each day with the Thoreau family. The first visit of John Brown to Concord was with me in Channing's house, in March, 1857,—his second visit in May, 1859, while I was in the Wetherbee house,—and there Brown spent the first half of his last birthday. Thoreau met him on both occasions; indeed, at the first, he dined with Brown and me at his mother's table.

Channing began one night to inquire about Eagle Head, a cliff near Gloucester,

he said, where the elder Dana owned property some years ago, and near which are the "musical sands" mentioned by Thoreau in his "Autumn." They are, in fact, at Manchester, before you reach Gloucester, and were visited by Thoreau and Ricketson, September 22, 1858. Thoreau had been there earlier, with Channing, who had a perfect picture of Eagle Head in his memory; he noticed in 1898 it had lately been advertised for sale. Thoreau places the sands, "one mile S. E. of the village of Manchester, just this side of a high rocky point called Eagle Head."

The handwriting of Mr. Emerson and Mr. Thoreau had a striking resemblance; I could hardly tell them apart; it was very strange, for Mr. Thoreau never imitated anybody; there was nothing but originality in him, as I know from my many hours with him. He was very reticent of biographical recollections; yet I recall that he well remembered a certain field, through which we walked in Concord, a good distance from the village, to which he used to drive his cow,—with bare feet, like the other village boys. He did not dwell on the past. I am confident he rarely read a book over twice, and he loved not to repeat a story after its first freshness. His talent was onward, vigorous, in the moment, which was perfectly filled, and then he went to the next with great speed.

"But I doubt not he loved to linger in mind over the old familiar things of boyhood; and he occasionally let fall some memory of the 'Mill Dam' when he was a boy, and of the pond behind it, now a meadow. Of the many houses in which he lived (for his was a very moving family), I heard him rarely speak: that one, now torn away, at the corner of the slaughter-house street (Walden Road); another, where the Library now stands (the Parkman house), farther towards the railroad; and still another which had been 'fixed over' for more aspiring villagers than the Irish, who succeeded the Thoreaus in the Parkman house. Three of these mansions he passed in his daily walks to the post-office, a duty he fulfilled

after the death of his father, for the benefit of his family,—for he was a martinet in the family service,—but I never heard him say more than, 'I used to live in that house,' or, 'There it was that so and so took place'; thus refreshing his memory by the existing locality. In the year before he built for himself at Walden his only true house, he assisted in making a house in that western part of the village called 'Texas,' not far from the river. To this spot he was always much attached; it commanded an excellent view toward the southwest, was retired, and he had planted a small orchard there. I have always cherished a superstitious regard for that place.

"His own house is rather minutely described in 'Walden'; it was the result of philosophic calculation. As to size, it was just large enough for one, like the plate of boiled apple-pudding he used to order of the *restaurateur*, and which constituted his invariable dinner in a jaunt to Boston. Two was one too much in his house. It was only a larger coat and hat to him,—a garment he had left down by Walden, convenient to walk into if it rained, or snowed, or was cold; good for night, too,—that period sacred to tallow and print,—and a place to eat, store, or imagine meals in. It had no lock to the door, no curtain to the window, and thus belonged to Nature as much as to Man; for it was not shut out nor obscured by 'too many appliances,' as Henry called human art.

"For winter he kept on hand three varieties of boots,—one stout, for deep-snow walking and bad weather (we call such 'cowhide,' or sometimes 'Cal-

cutty'); another for thin snow and ordinary walking; which he called his 'spectres,' or 'skeletons,'—(that is, a pair of thin boots, covered at the bottom with India rubbers or 'galoshes,'—an old English word); while for deep wet walking he had a pair of ten-pound rubber boots, in which he seemed lost. For summer he used low shoes, coarse and substantial, with nails in the toes, and strong leathern strings, tied in a 'hard knot.' "

Channing's "Walden Hermitage," written in 1847, with its dithyrambic verses, was aimed at Thoreau, who did not value them sufficiently,—though he preserved them, and his copy I have. Writing to Emerson, February 23, 1848, he said: "Channing brought me a poem the other day, for me, on Walden Hermitage: not remarkable." Indeed it is very remarkable,—both for its want of connection, its unsurpassed lines here and there, and also because it illustrates so well its author's type of mind. From its oracular, half-jesting lines you may catch this thought, so characteristic of the whole Concord school of philosophers,—that man is the archetype of Nature, and exists in her presence when most seemingly absent; that nothing perishes in which the spark of immortal life has once been kindled. It was the perception of this truth which held them together in a brotherhood with great diversity of gifts and tendencies,—the rigid and precise Thoreau, the wayward genius of Channing, the fanciful but profound serenity of Alcott, the sympathetic melancholy of Hawthorne and the deep, versatile, and inspiring wisdom of Emerson.



The Father of Mlle. de l'Espinasse

An Historic Mystery Solved by the Comte de Ségur

Translated from the "Revue des Deux Mondes," by C. H.

SO much has been written and said about Julie de l'Espinasse, particularly since the appearance of "Lady Rose's Daughter," that only a new and important fact in her history is now worth recording. The Comte de Ségur, writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, claims to have found that fact in discovering the identity of Julie's father, that of her mother being already known. About the year 1732, M. Louis Basiliac, a surgeon, and his wife, who exercised the profession of "sage-femme," received at their house in Lyons a lady whose dress and manners betokened her of somewhat higher rank than most of their patients. Shortly after, a female child was born, who was baptized the next day, and inscribed in the parish register as "Julie Jeanne l'Espinasse, legitimate daughter of Claude l'Espinasse and of Dame Julie Navarre, his wife." Later on, another hand in ink of another color wrote the letters "il" before "legitimate," and erased the words "his wife," inserting in their place the cross that was the usual sign of irregular birth. The reputed parents of this child were purely imaginary persons, but the names "Julie" and "Claude" were those of a great lady, then very prominent in the "chronique scandaleuse" of Lyons, while "l'Espinasse" was the name of an estate that had come into the lady's family, that of Albion, in the fifteenth century. Julie Claude, Comtesse d'Albion, had been married at the age of sixteen to her cousin, in order to unite the two estates. After the birth of three girls, only one of whom survived, and one boy, the husband and wife separated forever. Left alone at thirty years of age, pretty, affectionate, and romantic, the Countess soon contracted a *liaison*, almost publicly acknowledged, according to the custom of the time. Julie de l'Espinasse was not the only result of this attachment, nor the first

one. On June 14, 1731, Mme. d'Albion had given birth to a son, to whom she gave another of her names, "Hilaire," who was baptized as the child of another fictitious father and mother, was brought up in secret, and afterwards lost sight of in a monastery. Julie, on the contrary, was brought up by her mother, with all, or even more than, the care and affection bestowed on her legitimate brother and sister, and her subsequent history is too well known to need repetition. But the question of her parentage has never hitherto been solved, her biographers observing a complete silence on this point, due, no doubt, to their ignorance. Bachaumont, it is true, said that she was the daughter of Cardinal de Teucin, but of this there is proof to the contrary.

M. de Ségur finds the solution of this problem in the journal of Mme. de la Ferté-Imbault, daughter of Mme. Geoffrin, with whom, for twelve years, Mlle. de l'Espinasse was on terms of the closest intimacy. "She was," wrote Mme. de la Ferté-Imbault, "the daughter of Mme. du Deffand's brother, the Comte de Vichy, and the Comtesse d'Albion; and later on he calls her the illegitimate niece of Mme. du Deffand. To support this, M. de Ségur cites Mme. du Deffand's extraordinary interest in Julie, and a letter from Julie to the Comte de Guibert in which she says, "Some day I will tell you things that could not be equalled in the romances of Prévost or of Richardson," but the greatest proof of all exists, he thinks, in the extreme solicitude and affection shown by Julie for one who stood in a peculiarly dual relation to her. Seven years after the mysterious birth in the house of M. de Basiliac, the Comte de Vichy married the legitimate daughter of Mme. d'Albion, thus becoming the brother-in-law as well as the father of Julie de l'Espinasse. Later on, when Mme. d'Albion was

desirous of legitimatizing Julie (who was born in wedlock, if not the child of her husband), the one who most strenuously opposed her wish, and encouraged Julie's brother and sister to oppose it also, was Gaspard de Vichy, her father. A year after the marriage of the Comte de Vichy and Diane d'Albon, a son was born to them, and it is in Julie's correspondence with this child, her brother as well as her nephew, that M. de Ségur finds the chief support of his claim. She is passionately interested in all that concerns him, his career, his fortune, wife and children, "whom she loves to the verge of folly." On her mother's death, she had been taken into the household of her sister as a kind of companion, the children having no knowledge of her parentage. In one of her letters to Abel de Vichy she speaks in veiled language of the veto imposed by his father on her mother's desire to recognize her publicly, and says, "All this is perhaps an enigma to you, my dear, but your mother will give you the key." Young Vichy in-

terrogated his mother, and the same evening wrote in his private journal: "I have had a long conversation with my mother about Mlle. de l'Espinasse. What horrors!" From this day his tenderness for Julie increased, and during her last illness he took his place at her bedside, and never left her until the end. "My nephew," wrote Mme. du Deffand the day after, "wished to see the will. He claims to have the right to execute it, and it must have been so, for they showed it to him."

As the victim of so horrible a tragedy it is no wonder Julie wrote to Guibert: "My story is made up of such woful circumstances that it proves to me that truth is often not credible. . . . Ah! how cruel men are. Beside them, even tigers seem kind." And yet this woman, without birth, beauty, or wealth, became one of the queens of Paris, receiving the homage of the best intellects of the day, and dying of grief because she could not retain the love of one of the least worthy of her admirers.

The Relation of Legs to Literature

By BAILEY MILLARD

"When Nero advertised for a new luxury a walk in the woods should have been offered."

R. W. Emerson.

IF God rejoices in the strength of the legs of a person in any particular walk of life it must be in that of the stout nether limbs of the muscular author.

That is the most salient deduction I make from the results of a more or less painstaking research in what I fancy to be the little-explored field of observation as to the relation of legs to literature. To be sure, the manners and habits of life of all the masters are not known to us, but it is safe to assume, judging by the evidence adduced from the cases of those with whose personal histories we have acquaintance, that the men who have written the marrowy books—those writers of sure touch and well-bottomed, those who show the

best relish of life—were all men who faced a long tramp with zestful anticipation.

It is well to insist upon this matter of walking at the present time, when it seems to have become a lost art with us. Much bending over the folio does not make the better part of poetry or of prose. It inheres as much in the physiological condition that results from the swinging of the legs, which movement quickens heart action and stimulates the brain by supplying it with blood charged with the life-giving principle of the open air.

By taking a lover's walk with the Muse one may more readily woo words into new relations with thought than by sitting at desk. And, leaving aside the matter of inspiration and looking at the subject from a lower plane, one finds

that walking abroad often gives to the elusive, amorphous idea, lurking darkly in the cerebral background, such clarity as is vainly sought within the compass of thought-impeding walls. Nearly all those poets whose lives are open to us have been good walkers—men and women who rambled about everywhere, adding to the scholar's stimulus of study the truer poetical stimulus found along the woodland ways and out under the blue tenuity of the sky.

I am not so enthusiastic an exponent of peripatetic exercise as related to poets as to make all true poems directly referable to the power of the poet's legs; nor am I ready to contend that because a person is a great walker he is therefore fully equipped for the production of immortal verse; for if that hypothesis were tenable, a six-day champion could be expected to surpass Milton in the field of prosody. No; I am willing to admit that the most powerful pair of legs may support the most trenchant ignorance. But I have long suspected that the flabby flexors and extensors of the locomotor media of our modern poets are largely responsible for the invertebrate verse of present production.

In spite of his club foot, Byron, one of the most fecund, if not the most moral, of poets, managed to walk about in the open to an extent that should shame the verse-writer of today, clinging to his strap in the trolley car. Wordsworth walked all over the Cumberland district and the neighboring country. Wherever he happened to be he poked into every secret corner. Shelley, we are told, rambled everywhere. Despite all unseemly cavil as to Tennyson's drinking habits, I should say that he drew more inspiration from his walks than from his wine. Goethe, who during his lifetime required fifty thousand bottles of the vintner's best to sweeten his imagination, found his extensive walks about Weimar a source of great inspirational profit.

Browning's incomparable "Paracelsus" was composed for the most part during his rambles in the Dulwich woods. At any stage of his superb

singing, wherever he happened to be, he would give his feet the freedom of the highway and the by-way. He composed much in the open air and trod out, as it were, many of his best lines. The tonic quality of his verse is, in a great measure, due to his habit of faring forth where he might "think the thoughts that lilies speak in white."

Scott was a tremendous pedestrian and made small ado about a thirty-mile walk over the breezy highlands, with the stout heather brushing his boots. Victor Hugo wrote much of his prose and not a little of his verse in a standing position. At the Hauteville House, in Guernsey, he stood by the hour at a high table on the veranda. He knew the snare of the sedentary habit and would not sit while he wrote, though at times his legs became stiff from much standing. He often walked while in the act of composition and attributed his facility in writing to his having trodden out his chapter before he put it upon paper.

In fact, the more prolific the writer the more he is found to move about upon his feet. You recall rare old John Wilson, the "Christopher North" who so irritated Tennyson and was so neatly prodded by him. There was a man who could shut himself up in his room and, with the creative steam of a Beckford, write a whole *Blackwood's* at a sitting, and who would be turning out his spirited "Noctes Ambrosianæ" in any number of volumes, to this day, were he yet able to walk. A tramp of sixty miles was mere child's play to Wilson. Often he would walk twenty or twenty-five miles before breakfast.

Dickens thought that it was necessary for him to walk as many hours as he wrote, and the excess of animal spirits which his work reveals throughout makes one feel that his system for maintaining that physical energy which begets mental alertness was an excellent one.

That artificial aid to locomotion, the bicycle, is in no way conducive to deep thought. Zola found that when he wanted to stop thinking the surest way was to ride forth a-wheel. The man with the "Here-I-come!" look in his

face, worn by so many wheelmen, is not likely to be doing much in the way of creative thought, clever and amiable though he may be as a road companion.

Even in daily journalism—that humble field which the Superior Mind so often affects to despise—the results of walking are often most salutary. Charles A. Dana used to walk a long distance to his office in fine weather and his remarkable clear-headedness was no doubt largely due to this fact. I know the “head-builder” of a newspaper who, after fussing over an important “top-line,” writing and rewriting it, is in the habit of going out, walking fiercely around the square and coming back to his desk all aglow, dashing off his newly-gained idea with a swift swing of the pencil—and there is your inspired caption, as neat and complete as a couplet from Pope—and often quite as poetic.

At the risk of being smiled at for fetichism, I will say that a love of or an indifference to walking abroad seems to me as much a test of the ideal sense of a writer as his appreciation of Milton's “Comus” or the lack of it; for if he care nothing for a walk, he will certainly care nothing for “Comus.”

The silence of history as to the habits of Shakespeare counts for little to one who has made even a superficial study of the relation of legs to literature. Such a student will be as positive on the point that Shakespeare was an enthusiastic and persistent walker as that he lived and wrote “King Lear.”

As for the philosophic brood, I find that most of them were men of sound legs, from Plato and Aristotle of the famous Walking School down to Montaigne, Johnson, Carlyle, Ruskin and our own clearest minds, Emerson and Thoreau. Montaigne would have no fire in his great circular study, which was “sixteen paces” (or shall we say about forty feet?) in diameter. He warmed his mind as well as his body by walking. “My thoughts will sleep if I seat them,” he declares. “My wit will not budge if my legs do not shake it up.”

Schopenhauer, according to Biographer Bax, “walked rapidly, so rapidly

that few could keep up with him, for two hours on end,” stopping at times to note an idea.

It is true that the nearer you approach the age of the trolley the less depth is apparent in philosophy; which leads one to suspect that the Peripatetic School is the true school in any age. The young Carlyle, struggling with the strange problems presented to him by Goethe, walked wildly over the moors of Ecclefechan. The story of “Teufelsdröckh” was threshed out by much heavy clumping of great Scotch boots before it was written out in the careless hand of England's harshest critic.

Stevenson's best descriptive work was as much the result of his walking tours as of anything. His tramp with his donkey in the Cevennes will not sooner be forgotten than Walton's whipping of the trout streams, which, by the way, implies much movement afoot and again aids the argument.

As for Thoreau, his fine contribution to the world's literature was as truly walked as it was written. So has been the work of John Burroughs, on the Atlantic side of the continent, and that of John Muir, the accredited spokesman for Nature on the Pacific Coast. If writings may be said to be manufactured by an author, then these latter were as truly pedufactured; and in offering our lexicographers this uncouth word I do so without a blush. For I plead guilty to a strong prejudice for the book that is walked first and written afterward. Other work may be more brilliant, and, in a sense, more clever, but that quality which one finds in the book which is walked is something never found in the book that makes no show of legs but all of head. The book that is walked, whether of prose or of verse, reveals “the buoyant child surviving in the man,” of which Coleridge, himself a stout foot traveller, sings.

Your fresh, bright-eyed, resilient walker will rarely write morbidly or perversely. The staleness and dust of rooms will not be in his work, as in that of such writers as the stay-at-home Southey. Yes, there is a vernal property in the air of the open road, which

Hazlitt hints at and Whitman insists upon in his songs—that property which, more than any other known element, makes language plastic to meaning. To be forceful, to be characterful, to be conservable, your writer must be healthy, and the being healthy means the exposure to and the absorption of the elements, which are emitted from the best writers in their best moods. All the power shown in great work or small is derived from radiant energy. The wood absorbs the sunshine and the rain and sends them out again in the clear flame and the blue smoke. How may the writer get the sun and the rain and the wind into his poem and into his story? In what other way than by exposure to the elements and the absorption of their essence? Rub the midnight lamp as you will and no Aladdin's palace of literature will stand before you unless the radiant energy pulses within you.

My little excursion among the peripatetic pen craftsmen has convinced me that the fresh color, so delightful in all good writing, is not easily gained save by escaping from the fixed air of self into the brisk atmosphere of universal sentiment which one finds in the open road. But we Americans are, perhaps, of all the great peoples, the poorest walkers. In the spread of that peculiar malady we have agreed to call Progress, the disease seems to have settled permanently in our legs. I am as hopeful as any that we shall live down the scholarly taunts of Matthew Arnold and stop making the machinery of our progress an end in itself; but to be as vigorous, as vertebrate and as original as it should be, our literature must get upon its legs. It may not safely ride in the automobile or on the bicycle or in the trolley car. It must get out and walk.

Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow

DEAR BELINDA:

London is empty once more, but if the London Season is over there are many other seasons. There is the silly Season, and no one knows what sensations that may have in store. There is the Channel swimming season too, which has now become an annual affair. There is the cricket season, which lasts much too long for me, and which I suppose is not over even yet. Have you noticed that during the cricket season many men cannot take up a stick or an umbrella without putting themselves into a position as though they were standing before the wickets? Several times lately I have seen men in shops and restaurants seize sticks and umbrellas, and quite unconsciously, I believe, have a game of cricket on their own account, until they were reminded that to flourish weapons in the open is a most unsafe proceeding. The domination and the tyranny of cricket is like the tyranny of some all-pervading popular refrain. You cannot get away from it. It buzzes and it hums at every street corner. I dis-

like things which have become so common.

Then there is the very present holiday season, when every one is rushing off to Scotland, a place where, above all others, one pays the wages of another man's servants in accursed tips. How any but the very young or the evergreen can go on year after year being taken in by such hotel catch phrases as "replete with every luxury," and their notices of equipages and night chamberlains, their "douche" and "spray" baths, their "unexceptionable tariff," their "indescribable scenery"—both of these last terms difficult ones, it is true, to sue upon. There used to be an hotel (probably in Scotland) where with every threepennyworth of brandy and soda you were charged for "plate glass and linen," and where an apple was charged sixpence on the ground that they "never charged less than sixpence for anything." Charles Dickens used to say that he could tell the quality of an hotel by the cruets. Cruets have now gone out, but one may still sample the

quality of an hotel management by the condition of the mustard-pot and the freshness of the mustard, or ask for the salad oil, and perchance there will be no Lucca oil about the house. A vast fortune will be made by the man who will start an hotel where, instead of slabs of stodgy beef and piccalilli, we shall have, among other excellent dishes, *navarin* or *tête de veau vinaigre*, and where *épinard* will not be a vegetable unknown.

The promoters of the Country Cottage exhibition knew very well what they were about when they opened and boomed their exhibition at a time when every one was feeling hungry for the country. Model villages should never be built with expectations of their proving remunerative investments. Model villages are a species of philanthropy which should not be associated with four or five per cent. A model village is a fine idea, but it is a fad for a millionaire. The Garden City Exhibition is a collection of model cottages, but for whom they are intended one is not quite sure. Rich and benevolent ladies are thronging to Letchworth and endeavoring to purchase cottages as they would purchase underclothing at a jumble sale. But what will they do with them? Love in a cottage tickles the fancy of poets and old ladies, and all those who are in love, but sad it is for the last-named that the cottage sometimes lasts longer than the love. Laboring folk will despise these cottages and soon turn them into pigstyes. The ambition of the laboring man is not to live in a cottage at all, but to live in a suburban villa.

No, this Exhibition is really for the tired Londoner who has a taste for the country. The average cockney has no real taste for the country, and knows not the difference between wheat and barley, and complains usually that the birds make "so much noise." But there exists in London a large section of the public which has quite made up its mind that London has become intolerable on Sundays. No amount of party-giving, no number of smart ladies' "at homes," no Church Parade will ever make London cheer up on

Sundays. London is a dull and unhappy place on Sunday, and there is, fortunately, an increasing number of people to whom this truth is being brought home. It is to these that the country cottage appeals, though they have not quite made up their minds what kind of cottage it is that they require, nor where it should be placed. Of course the Londoner likes to picture to himself the country cottage only as it is on a summer evening, when he has only got to enter his garden gate to find peace for his soul in this Arcadian arbor—this embowered thatched cottage. "The dream cottage," says Mr. H. G. Wells, "plays for the contemporary imagination the part taken by the Watteau shepherdess in the Age of Wigs." Mr. Wells then pictures the æsthetically cultivated person riding about the country on a bicycle, and always in fine weather. He sees cottages in sunshine, with gardens of roses, hollyhocks, and dahlias; hats are touched to him, and he sees a girl or so, summer-flushed, who reminds him of a water-color, or of a peach. The beauty of some "ivy-mantled tower" mixes itself up illegitimately with these impressions, and back he comes to London, where only painted Jezebels have red faces. The imagination of our friend is fired, and it pollutes cottages, beautiful as the cottage of an appreciated water-color. He fills these imagined homes with hand-made Arts and Crafts furniture, and beautiful workingmen, "not," says Mr. Wells, "the complex, intractable beings Heaven has made."

The fact is that if you would search for a cottage, you had better search for it in the winter, in top-boots. The ideal time, I should say, would be after a snowstorm when the thaw has well set in. If the places are damp, they will then show it, and there is then no danger of confounding the tumbledown with the picturesque. The lane leading to the cottage will be mud and ruts, and the trees and hedges will stand forth in all their nakedness. But I say again, very few know just what they want, and many who are on the search are looking for very different things. To

some an Elizabethan mansion is a cottage; others seek a cottage in the wilds; others, again, in a village; and yet more seek something which is in reality a villa residence. Whatever you want, the best way is to go and stay for a time in the neighborhood and consult innkeepers, farmers, shopkeepers, corn-chandlers, and the like. Remember always that four miles from a good station is better than two miles from a bad one. There are "loop" lines and "Ascot" lines, and there are main lines, and there are places, too, where school children have summer treats. The child individually is charming, but the child collectively is an abomination. Have you apples, they will steal them; have you flowers, they will pick them; have you windows, they will break them. Avoid cockney neighborhoods and all places where you are in danger of meeting the "carriage and pair." The "carriage and pair" is, no doubt, necessary to support the dignity of many old ladies and old gentlemen, but it is not necessary to you, and the rising generation should not be brought up in such an atmosphere. There is great danger of meeting "the carriage and pair" anywhere within a radius of thirty miles of London, and some counties in particular are more dangerous than others. I should select Surrey as the most dangerous. The necessary things to think of when choosing an old cottage are—How much will it cost to put it right? The probability is that it will cost less to buy a new cottage than to put into order an old one. You want a bathroom and you want a water supply of some kind. If the servants have to fetch the water from afar they will "give notice." You want a garden and a field adjoining, and you must see what the soil is like, and see that it is not chalky, for the hearts of garden lovers are often broken over chalky soil. Your garden should be at least one acre and your field two or three acres.

Don't take a cottage because you have been told that it won't cost you anything much. If a young man or a spinster—these are the two classes who favor the idea—takes a cottage, it is,

of course, because he or she is enamored of the idea, and being so taken with the poetry of the thing, he or she becomes prodigal in expenditure upon this new toy. Newspapers and magazine articles are thrust before one's eyes with elaborate balance-sheets representing that the cost of a cottage is but a hundred a year. These balance-sheets are drawn up by office boys. Except to the young man in love and to the spinster who is quite favorably disposed to the subject of love, these balance-sheets are less convincing than most balance-sheets. They represent, for instance, that a charwoman—the old thing that is always just bursting into tears, but never really does so—can be had for a shilling a week. Most charwomen cost in beer and pickles alone a shilling per day, and a charwoman by the week means ten shillings for wages at the least. Then there is the garden to be restocked and a gardener to be paid and partially fed. There is a season ticket to London, and the usual lot of simpering and alms-craving folk calling for subscriptions.

Perhaps the best plan of all is to secure a cottage in a village. Here there are fewer of the disadvantages of country life. You are not isolated, and perchance you will have no lack of either gas or of water. The village baker will send you hot rolls for breakfast and the chemist will deliver your newspapers about the same time. The milkman will never be late. Village shops are really excellent and their resources quite astounding. It is true that in the country dogs bark and birds sing, and there is the lowing of cows, but what are these to a Carter Paterson van rattling along your London street in the early hours of the morning? People who live in the country sometimes fear that they will get provincial-minded. The so-called provincial mind is entitled to the profoundest respect. Shakespeare, Balzac, and Flaubert were all provincials. Great intellectual and political movements nearly always start in the provinces. The opinion of a person living in the country is generally worth two or three of those

living in London. In London one kills the day and is in turn killed by it. One never hears of a provincial person having a rest-cure. But Harley Street and streets thereabouts are

filled with those who have forgotten how to live.

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, August, 1905.

J. M. Barrie

By CAPTAIN HARRY GRAHAM

Author of *Misrepresentative Men, etc., etc.*

THE briny tears unbidden start,
At mention of my hero's name!
Was ever set so huge a heart
Within so small a frame?
So much of tenderness and grace
Confined in such a slender space?

O tiniest of tiny men!
So wise, so whimsical, so witty!
Whose magic little fairy-pen
Is steeped in human pity;
Whose humor plays so quaint a tune,
From Peter Pan to Pantaloon!

So wide a sympathy has he,
Such kindness without an end,
That children clamber on his knee,
And claim him as a friend.
They somehow know he understands,
And doesn't mind their sticky hands.

And so they swarm about his neck
With energy that nothing wearies,
Assured that he will never check
Their ceaseless flow of queries;
And grateful, with a warm affection,
For his avuncular protection.

And when his watch he opens wide,
Or beats them all at blowing bubbles,
They tell him how the dormouse died,
And all their tiny troubles;
And drag him, if he seems deprest
To see the baby-squirrels' nest.

Can such for hidden treasure dig,
Pursue the Indians in the wood,
Feed the prolific guinea-pig
With inappropriate food?
Do all the things that mattered so,
In happy days of long ago?

All this he can achieve, and more!
For, 'neath the magic of his brain,
The young are younger than before,
The old grow young again,
To dream of Beauty and of Truth
For hearts that win eternal youth.

Fat, apoplectic men I know,
With well-developed Little Marys,
Look almost human when they show
Their faith in Barrie's fairies;
Their blank lethargic faces lighten
In admiration of his Crichton.

To lovers who, with fingers cold,
Attempt to fan some dying ember,
He brings the happy days of old,
And bids their hearts remember;
Recalling in romantic fashion
The tenderness of earlier passion.

And modern matrons who can find,
So little leisure for the nurs'ry,
Whose interest in babykind
Is eminently curs'ry,
New views on Motherhood acquire
From Alice-sitting-by-the-Fire!

While men of ev'ry sort and kind,
At times of sunshine or of trouble,
In Sentimental Tommy find
Their own amazing double;
To each in turn the mem'ry comes
Of some belov'd forgotten Thrums.

To Barrie's literary art
That strong poetic sense is clinging,
Which hears, in ev'ry human heart,
A "late lark" faintly singing,
A bird that bears upon its wing
The promise of perpetual spring.

Materialists may labour much
At problems for the modern stage,
His simpler methods reach and touch
The Young of ev'ry age;
And first and second childhood meet
On common ground at Barrie's feet!



The Editor's Clearing-House

Fashion in Words

That our bodies should be clothed according to fashion's dictates, that some far-distant nation should decide upon the texture, color, and design of drapery, seems, after all, not so much at variance with the logic of events. It is perhaps wise to borrow from the French, to affect the English, or to attempt, in our awkward way, to imitate the inimitable Japanese, even flattering ourselves that with a touch of orientalism we reach the perfection of the Japanese coiffure. All this being in a way trivial and superficial, one has no real cause for grievance; but when we find fashion in words, that we are clothing our ideas in accordance with a love of imitation, and due to a submission to the petty tyranny of custom, there comes a rational rebellion and withal a sense of the ludicrous, a realization of the absurd. It is amusing to watch the *debutante* word—its first experimental and somewhat timid utterance, and then to follow its gradual development and self-assertion, until in the full confidence of assured success it monopolizes expression to the exclusion of its equally capable but less prominent synonyms,—the “reason for being” of this success, this monopoly, being often difficult to trace. An epigrammatic woman, an eloquent divine, a popular actress, a shrewd politician, may use the word or expression, and instantly the grasping, ready, American mind seizes it, and not only appropriates it in its first use, but gives variations never dreamed of, and rings changes upon its possible significance never conceived by the originator. Not only single words but entire phrases become the fashion, and one has only to listen to hear their constant repetition. They are ready-made, to suit all situations, to meet all emergencies; and a certain mental indolence is gratified in their use—and also a sense of security established by precedent. A vocabulary which omits these threadbare and long-suffering words is a delight. To feel that one can be energetic without being “strenuous” is a relief—the mere thought of “strenuousness”

brings fatigue, and one is so weary of its insistence that the idea of doing *nothing, nothing, nothing*, forever and ever, becomes enticing. How can one endure hearing again of those who have, or have not, “initiative”? One has heard “initiative” until it ceases to have any meaning, and a person without it has a certain attraction. Then how “personality” has absorbed “character,” and what a vague idea “temperament” is beginning to convey! Used all day, and every day for everything, we begin to wonder what it really means.

So inclusive is the word that were we to accept it in its broad significance, fatalism would ensue, our “temperament” having assumed the position of arbiter of our fate. “Elemental” just now holds full sway, nothing is simple enough just “to begin.” “Subjective” is becoming *passée*; for a time it seemed the key to every thought-tangle, and whenever a metaphysical subject was broached, if no other word was known, “subjective,” used with a learned look, supplied the want and solved the problem. For a time everything was “evolved”; nothing happened, and “evolution” and variations on the theme ran from its original application to the story of the universe down to the “evolving of a gown.”

“Trend” has almost exhausted itself; no paragraph in magazine or journal was once complete without it—one has been so educated up to its constant use, that it is almost impossible to think of a sequence of anything without placarding it mentally as “the trend of events.” These are mere suggestions. Only *listen*, and realize how strange it is that the American of to-day, so fond of display in all other matters, should fail to recognize the wealth of his language, and by his constant imitation and repetition in the use of words evince marked poverty of resource—or perhaps it is only a longing to be in the fashion, and he cannot resist the idea to clothe even his ideas in accordance with “vogue.”

E. LEVY HALL.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

ART

Stokes—Sir Anthony Van Dyck. By Hugh Stokes. Warne. \$1.25.

The ten volumes of the Newnes' Art Library, now in course of publication, vary in merit to an unusual extent. The work on Van Dyck is a fair example of their average, with its introduction abstaining from criticism or questioned points, its photogravure plate of the artist's painting of Thomas of Savoy above the average, and its sixty-four half-tones not as favorable in appearance as in other cases. Taken as a whole, the ten volumes should make an unusually satisfactory series, giving a cheap and extensive idea of the works of Renaissance and modern painters.

Sturgis—The Interdependence of the Arts of Design. By Russell Sturgis. McClurg. \$1.75.

This series of six lectures delivered at the Art Institute of Chicago, by one of the most competent of American art critics, contains two chapters on recent art viewed in the light of past works, followed by chapters on the Industrial Arts in which Form Prevails, the Industrial Arts in which Color Prevails, Sculpture as used in Architecture, and Painting as used in Architecture. The writer's views on these subjects are sound, if pedantic and not altogether new; they might have been placed in a form rather more readily understood, for one must turn many pages before he gains any idea of what the author is "getting at."

BELLES-LETTRES

Adler—Marriage and Divorce. By Felix Adler. McClure. 50 cents.

It is scarcely to be hoped that people in general, and Americans in particular, will adopt Mr. Adler's very high-minded idea of the purpose of marriage, but it is to be wished that his two lectures, which comprise this little volume, may be widely and thoughtfully read. The subjects have been carefully considered, and are treated judicially and temperately.

Corelli—Free Opinions. By Marie Corelli. Dodd, Mead. \$1.20.

Miss Corelli's opinions have independently received such generous advertisement that their appearance in book form is on that account a less startling, though still an interesting, phenomenon. It is well to know, for instance, that Miss Corelli reveres the English royal family and scorns those who do not read her books,—but many of us were already informed on these points. The style of the essays—the book contains almost thirty of them—is perhaps even more fervidly enthusiastic than that of the author's fiction.

More—Shelburne Essays. Second Series. By Paul Elmer More. Putnam. \$1.25.

The second volume of "Shelburne Essays" is more successful, that is, of more even merit,

than the first, though here again the author disappoints one by discussing subjects with which he appears temperamentally unfitted to deal. As a whole, the book is the work more of a reflective, than a purely critical, mind.

Whiting—The Outlook Beautiful. By Lilian Whiting. Little, Brown. \$1.00.

A brief and lucidly written volume, giving Miss Whiting's view of immortality, and of life as it may be lived in relation with immortal things. The book is entirely characteristic of the author, and as such will recommend itself to her considerable public.

BIOGRAPHY

Barry—Ernest Renan. By William Barry. Scribner. \$1.00 net.

A concise life of the Breton peasant, the Parisian student, the Hebrew professor, the brilliant Oriental scholar, philosopher, historian, and theologian, from the able pen of a keen and sympathetic critic. The book is included in the series of "Literary Lives," edited by Robertson Nicoll, D.D.

Flower—Edwin McMasters Stanton. By Frank Abiel Flower. Saalfeld Publishing Co. \$2.50.

A bulky biography of one of the most noteworthy public men of the Civil War period, whom the author calls "the autocrat of rebellion, emancipation, and reconstruction," and eulogizes as having "induced" and "crowded" Lincoln to "some of his most important acts, armed and employed the slaves to save the Union despite the opposition of Lincoln, the cabinet, and the officers of the regular army," "prevented Lincoln and Grant from giving away the fruits of victory in the terms of surrender to Lee," and otherwise to have been the "dominating spirit and power in the quaking Republic during nearly seven of its most tumultuous and eventful years." The book, however, is better in some respects than these quotations would suggest.

Peck—William Hickling Prescott. By Harry Thurston Peck. Macmillan. 75 cents net.

This concise biography of Prescott is a creditable contribution to the "English Men of Letters" series, and, while it does not add materially to what we knew of the man from Ticknor's larger Life, published forty years ago, it is of real interest for its discussion of the historical accuracy and permanent value of his works. The defects and imperfections pointed out by recent criticism are judicially considered, but these are shown not to detract seriously from his essential trustworthiness in aught that is essential to the truth of history.

Smith—My Memory of Gladstone. By Goldwin Smith. Imported by the A. Wessels Co. 75 cents net.

A small book which adds little to what we know of Gladstone, but that little is welcome and valuable as coming from one who saw a good deal of him both in official and social life, and was also very intimate with men who were his associates in public affairs, and thus saw him through their eyes.

Shorthouse—The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of J. H. Shorthouse. Edited by his Wife. 2 vols. Macmillan. \$4.25 net.

The author of "John Inglesant," though he wrote half a dozen books, will always be remembered for the first, which was eminently his masterpiece. After spending ten years upon it, he had to publish it as a private venture, though it was afterwards a marked success. His life was otherwise uneventful, but the story of it will nevertheless be of more than ordinary interest to those who became acquainted with him through "John Inglesant." They will be surprised to learn that he was all his life actively engaged in business in Birmingham, that he had not the advantages of a University education, and yet became in the best sense a cultivated man and was singularly fortunate in his literary friendships, as the selections from his correspondence amply show. The second of these volumes contains, in addition to many early essays not before printed, his contributions to various periodicals, his paper on "The Platonism of Wordsworth," read before the Wordsworth Society, with stories, poems, etc.

FICTION

Banks—The Little Hills. By Nancy Huston Banks. Macmillan. \$1.50.

Why this essentially cheerful story should be told with so many sighs and tears is a matter of some impatient wonder. The reader should be on his guard against Phoebe, with her wistful manner and her pensive habit of sitting in the garden. Virtue was its own most munificent reward to her. She was freed of her stepmother-in-law, a most inconvenient relative, and though living in a small village she married twice. The author has a riotous sentimentality, no sense of humor, and an overworked knack of detaching scenic bric-à-brac from the landscape.

Boyle—Serena. By Virginia Frazer Boyle. Barnes. \$1.50.

An overdrawn and sentimental story of the South at the opening of the Civil War. The period and material of the story have already been cruelly overworked, and Mrs. Boyle's book is written in a spirit that few readers nowadays will find sympathetic.

Craddock—The Storm Centre. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Macmillan. \$1.50.

The South, during Civil War time, is the "Storm Centre" for which Miss Murfree, with a legion of other novelists, seems to feel the electrical attraction. Her majestic and glow-

ing style, too ample and too high-pitched for our fashions of the moment, is in this story devoted to describing the life of an undeniably interesting Southern family and the falling in love of its young widow and the Northern officer whom illness detains in the family as a visitor. The outline of the story has scarcely a single point of novelty, and yet the narrative does maintain its interest. As in all Miss Murfree's work, there are flashes, here and there, of absolute perfection, and her most stilted paragraphs contain, in the richness of their substance, their own apology. It is to be hoped that Miss Murfree is now conscious of having discharged her duty to this period.

Fuller—A Bookful of Girls. By Anna Fuller. Putnam. \$1.50.

A cheerful group of short stories, in each of which a young girl is the heroine. The book is adapted for young girls' reading and has a wholesome and stimulating tone. It should be popular.

Garland—The Tyranny of the Dark. By Hamlin Garland. Harper. \$1.50.

It is very delicate and exacting material that Mr. Garland has chosen for his latest novel, and very crudely has he handled it. If he ever possessed any art or any insight, they deserted him during the composition of this story of a young spiritualistic medium and her scientific lover. The book sounds like one of those unreal, stranger-than-fiction stories for which the irrelevant claim is made that they are "founded on fact."

Gissing—Will Warburton. By George Gissing. Dutton. \$1.50.

The fluctuating and insecure quality of Mr. Gissing's ability has been unmistakably shown in the books that have been published since his death. This latest novel, while in parts satisfyingly characteristic of the author at his best, nevertheless falls considerably below the level of, for instance, that admirable novel, "Our Friend the Charlatan." After all, it is now quite plain that Mr. Gissing's insight into human character was seriously limited; it may even be debatable whether it extended beyond the recognition of certain inferior and somewhat grotesque types.

Mr. Gissing's satirical humor, which he expends mercilessly on some of his minor characters, deserts him in connection with that rather wooden hero, Will Warburton. Impoverished by his partner, Sherwood,—whose weak dishonesties are the author's psychological specialty,—Warburton becomes a grocer in order to supply his mother and sister with an income. The social prejudice prevailing in England against grocers is inordinately but unskilfully dwelt upon. Bold and brave though he be, Warburton conducts his grocery incognito, and the discovery of his base employment is made the moral test of the two young women of the story. The situation contains infinite possibilities of comedy. It is easy to imagine the delicate and radiant bubbles Mr. George Meredith would have blown from it. The comparison is, of course,

obviously unfair to Mr. Gissing, who betrays no wish to assume the dispassionate spirit of the creator of pure comedy, being bent, rather, on the scourging of those pleasant, self-indulgent, self-deceiving social criminals who, it must have agitated him to observe, often round out their days without getting found out at all. The artist in this story, Norbert Franks, who became rich and popular through painting sentimental prettinesses and who weakly wobbles between conflicting purposes, is amply castigated, his supreme penalty being that of marrying Rosamund, the glaringly heartless and shallow young woman who would have successfully entrapped Warburton himself had she not, at an opportune moment, obtained a peep of him in his professional apron. The story is generously complete. There is an adequate glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Norbert Franks, each plainly ashamed of having married the other. And for Warburton there is a comfortable destiny in the form of Miss Bertha Cross, who had a sense of humor and no objection to grocers.

There is an abundance of good work in the book, and it is written with the entire sincerity that never deserted Mr. Gissing. There is to be felt, throughout, his passionate desire to prove his point, to justify his characters, to authenticate his scenes. There is no question, therefore, as to the respect his work invites. Where he fails, it is for lack of the supreme touch of art, not of the high and ardent intention.

Harper—The Mortgage on the Brain. By Vincent Harper. Illustrated by Macaulay. Doubleday. \$1.50.

This romance of "multiple" personality does not fulfil the promise on its cover that it will be "absorbing." In mediæval times the heroine's state would have been described as possession by an evil spirit which might have been exorcised. Here one evil personality is to be permanently dislodged by elaborate hypnotic suggestion. The difference is largely in terminology and point of view, and the later-day treatment of situation and of remedy carries no more conviction than the ancient tales.

Hornung—Stingaree. By E. W. Hornung. Scribner. \$1.50.

"Stingaree" is a more self-conscious and less engaging figure than Raffles. Of that there is no doubt. Nor is the idea of a gentleman outlaw quite new. Such adventures as these require a more forcible touch than Mr. Hornung has at his command, and they do not profoundly "thrill." Nevertheless the stories are all fluent, ingenious, and diverting, and will be found readable enough. The author gives the impression of holding something in reserve about his hero. It is not impossible that he will have more to say about him in succeeding stories.

Lefevre—The Golden Flood. By Edwin Lefevre. McClure. \$1.25.

Mr. Lefevre's little book is one of the most skilful performances that have appeared in

months. Most of us have sighed over the drearily trashy stories that have so far been made from such material as this,—Wall Street, banking-houses, the accumulation of millions. At last we have a story where these matters are treated effectively, lightly, and with admirable ingenuity. Mr. Lefevre's delightful sense of humor would sufficiently commend his book, were it not also remarkable for its technical adroitness and its excellent character touches. A highly entertaining story.

Lincoln—Partners of the Tide. By Joseph C. Lincoln. Barnes. \$1.50.

A much better-than-the-average book, with the good salt flavor of the sea in it, yet with more humanity than sea-lore after all. Mr. Lincoln has a reliable, if not subtle, sense of humor, a cheerful sympathy, and no sentimentality. His perception of character may be a trifle oblique and exaggerated, in which it reminds one of Dickens, but it is sincere and unaffected. Without being remarkable, the book inspires a hearty liking.

London—The Game. By Jack London. Macmillan. \$1.50.

Mr. London must have been under very urgent pressure to produce a book, to consent to acknowledge a story, of this order. It is of the most banal and ordinary stamp, utterly lacking in the dramatic power with which its author has been credited hitherto. A good deal may be done with a prize-fighter hero, as Mr. Bernard Shaw has entertainingly shown, but Mr. London has done nothing whatever. The greater part of the story is taken up with a detailed description of a prize-fight of very slight interest, and the romantic element of the book is entirely negligible. The book is issued and illustrated in unprepossessing fashion.

McCarthy—The Dryad. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. Harper. \$1.50.

As graceful and likable a hybrid as current light literature can offer. Mr. McCarthy's "Dryad" survived her appropriate period, by some miracle into which the entirely skilful manner of the book does not tempt us to inquire too closely, and reappears to play the leading part in a mediæval Athenian romance. Human and superhuman fortunes, mortal and immortal emotions are thus recklessly, and quite originally, entangled; but in so persuasive and gently artful a fashion that the reader forgets to demand plausibility or logic. Decidedly the best that Mr. McCarthy has done.

Mighels—The Ultimate Passion. By Philip Verrill Mighels. Harper. \$1.50.

A type of novel which is becoming very familiar, and which, singularly, happens to be almost always badly done. Political corruption is popular and "timely" material, but it ought at least to be thrown into darker contrast. The corruptionists in this story are fairly consistent and courageous, compared with the flabby and contemptible young man

who is cast for the part of hero. Mr. Mighels has the meagrest equipment as a novelist, and his performance as a whole is so crude that it is scarcely worth while to consider its details.

Page—Rabelais. Selected and edited by Curtis Hidden Page. French Classics for English Readers. Putnam \$2.00 net.

To abridge a work of literary art is comparable to cutting a statue, say the Apollo Belvidere, down to a statuette. If well done, we may wonder without admiring. So is it with this book. Sir Francis Urquhart's translation is used, and the footnotes of the editor are scholarly and judicious. Mr. Page has done his task as well as it could be done. The frontispiece portrait is fine.

Rouse—The Letters of Theodora. By Adelaide Rouse. Macmillan. \$1.25.

In the form of a bright and snappy series of letters the author tells us an engaging tale of love, a tale not stale nor vapid, but fit to cheer an hour or two of summertime or winter weariness. "The Letters of Theodora" do not constitute a psychological brain twister, but a light and pleasing romance.

Tarkington—The Beautiful Lady. By Booth Tarkington. McClure. \$1.25.

The subject of the story which this little book contains is not too slight—for a greater artist than Mr. Tarkington. A more delicate art—perhaps a French writer alone could do it—would have made the narrative waver exquisitely and movingly between tragedy and comedy, for it is both. Mr. Tarkington has made us see what might have been done; but he has failed to do it. In parts, at least, it must be admitted to be altogether commonplace; and to publish it alone and unsustained, is to take a reckless liberty with a well-earned reputation.

Thurston—The Apple of Eden. By E. Temple Thurston. Dodd, Mead. \$1.50.

It is not often nowadays that one can reapproach a novelist with having been too much interested in his theme. But if Mr. E. Temple Thurston had felt less urgency to prove that the enforced celibacy of the Catholic priesthood is undesirable, his story would have had more artistic value. Even as it stands, it has a good deal; both priests are exceedingly good bits of character, done with affection, insight, and the artist's delicate and restrained touch. Father Michael comes very near being a figure of sublime pathos and distinction. But in his zeal the author has introduced too many mechanical instances for the proving of his cherished point, permitted himself too many passages of didacticism and argument,—so that his novel, strictly speaking, is spoiled. But its felicities, psychological and literary, will not soon be forgotten by any one who has read it. The readers who must now confess themselves most dissatisfied with "The Apple of Eden" will most eagerly welcome Mr. Thurston's second novel, whatever it may be.

Vesey—The Clock and the Key. By Arthur H. Vesey. Appleton. \$1.50.

The kind of ingenuity that this book displays is not very much in fashion nowadays, which is one reason, perhaps, why it impresses the reader as so fresh and agreeable. It is mysterious without being sensational, sparkling without being trashy. And it is as good reading as a book can be that does not pretend to touch the essentials of life or character. There is a romantic element, which is very subordinate. It is the mystery of the Venetian clock, and not the romantic destiny of the American heroine, that keeps the reader thrilled until the last page.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL

Browne—The St. Lawrence River. By George Waldo Browne. Putnam. \$3.50 net.

A delightful combination of graphic and exquisitely illustrated descriptions of picturesque scenery, with all the varied historical, legendary, and romantic associations of the majestic stream and its neighborhood. It is a book that will be equally interesting to the tourist who visits the region and to the student of Canadian history, whether he has the pleasure of visiting it or not. The hundred beautiful illustrations are a most enjoyable "personally conducted tour" of themselves.

Stearns—Cambridge Sketches. By Frank Preston Stearns. Lippincott. \$1.50.

A collection of personal reminiscences of famous Cambridge people, like Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and Sumner, with some notable in their way, though less widely known, like "Tom" Appleton, C. P. Cranch, Frank Bird, Elizur Wright, Dr. Morton, Dr. Howe, and others, who should not be forgotten, since they all, as Mr. Stearns says, "deserve well of the republic of humanity and of the age in which they lived." "Leaves from a Roman Diary" are added, and the illustrations are portraits of the men not frequently thus commemorated.

Stephenson—Shakespeare's London. By Henry T. Stephenson. Henry Holt. \$2.00.

Much has been written about the London of Shakespeare's day, but this compact volume gives the gist of it in convenient and entertaining form. The inaccuracies of certain popular books on the subject, in which the illustrations were better than the text, have been corrected, the facts now given being mainly drawn from contemporary sources and carefully verified. The illustrations are also, for the most part, judiciously selected from early prints and drawings. The book may be emphatically commended to teachers and students no less than to the general reader. We are gratified to learn that it is to be followed by a companion volume on Elizabethan manners and customs.

Sutro—Thirteen Chapters of American History. By Theodore Sutro. Baker. \$1.50 net.

This volume contains thirteen excellent half-tone reproductions of scenes connected with

the history of the United States by the late well-known marine painter, Edward Moran, coupled with an interesting descriptive essay and prefaced by a careful biography of the artist. The volume cannot fail to be of interest to those who have admired this painter, or who take thought of the historical aspect of American art.

Thompson—Diplomatic Mysteries. By Vance Thompson. Lippincott. \$1.50.

Mr. Thompson's "Mysteries" are for the most part very familiar scandals indeed, and his rehashing of, for instance, the stories of Rudolph of Austria and Ludwig II. of Bavaria is done in the undistinguished and broadly reckless manner of the "fake" newspaper story. The professed disclosures would be more impressive if the use of detail were not so obviously loose and inaccurate. Mr. Thompson's style may never be free from affectation and unnecessary embellishment, but at least he has done far better work than this.

Wharton—Italian Backgrounds. By Edith Wharton. Scribner. \$2.50.

These studies of Mrs. Wharton's will probably attract less attention than her "The Valley of Decision," but they make a far better book in its way. Mrs. Wharton is amply able to handle most phases of Italian material, but her early book to a certain extent smelled of the lamp and tasted of the note-book. The present volume, on the other hand, has an air of spontaneity, as well as of competence, an irresistible grace, countless descriptive felicities, and the fervent glow of a genuine enthusiasm. Mrs. Wharton's rarely discriminating appreciation of less familiar phases of Italian landscape and Italian life, together with the humor which she has here fortunately not suppressed, go to make a book well worth cherishing. The drawings, by Peixotto, are delicate and sympathetic. It is a pity that the book is so large that the traveller will have to leave it at home.

MISCELLANEOUS

Champlin—The Young Folk's Cyclopædia of Natural History. By John Denison Champlin, A.M. Holt. \$2.50.

A useful handbook of the Animal Kingdom, from the largest mammal to the tiniest insect, profusely illustrated. The text accompanying cuts gives a short, but comprehensive account of each animal, its habitat, and Latin name. The book will be most useful to children, who will find it too interesting to be considered mere study.

Duncan—The New Knowledge. By Robert Kennedy Duncan. Barnes. \$2.00 net.

The book claims to be "a popular account of the new physics and the new chemistry in their relation to the theory of matter." If a layman in science were to sit down and devote his whole unclouded brain to following step by step the exposition, he would rise a distinctly tired, though undoubtedly a wiser,

man. To one very earnest in the pursuit of the knowledge contained here, the volume will give ample return, but to one who imagines he can while away a few hours in a train over these much-condensed facts, the result will undoubtedly be—sleep.

Job—Wild Wings. By Herbert Keightley Job, member of the American Ornithologists' Union. Houghton. \$3.00 net.

From the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Florida Keys, in Nova Scotia, Virginia, New England, and South Carolina, Mr. Job has gone bird-hunting—with a camera. An enthusiastic lover of wild birds, he claims that the camera offers more sport than the gun. The results in his case make a very charming book, the one hundred and sixty illustrations being of wild birds of all sorts and sizes, in every conceivable situation. The text is interesting and instructive, and the Introduction is an appreciative letter from President Roosevelt.

Smith—The Color Line: A Brief in Behalf of the Unborn. By William Benjamin Smith. McClure, Philips & Co. \$1.50.

This is an important contribution to the Negro Problem. Professor Smith of Tulane University writes as an "irreconcilable," but his arguments are strong and well buttressed, and he views the subject on several sides. Serious and strong as the work proves to be, it is depressing, for it is a prophecy of inevitable evil.

POETRY AND VERSE

Drummond—The Voyageur and Other Poems. By Wm. Henry Drummond, M.A. With illustrations by Fred. Simpson Coburn. Putnam. \$2.50.
(*A bonne bouche* in dialect verse.)

Novel, refreshing, sympathetic,—oftentimes stealing a tear that follows the ready suffrage of smiles,—these pages of rhymed patois recounting the joys and sorrows of "The Voyageur" are sure to make their way with any reader who has a heart for primitive life and humanity in a region of country and a civilization not yet hackneyed in literature. With much art, too, though so facile in seeming (it is *ars celare artem*, illustrated), has Dr. Drummond rehearsed these reminiscences of the old-time and of recently past French occupation in Canada. The author's lively sympathy with his quaint, rugged, blithe, gallant characters amounts almost to genius. An impression of his perfect, heart-warm rapport beats along every line of these lively Gallic recitals. Incidentally, we receive many sidelights as to the French Canadian's view of his Yankee neighbors over the border; while the fireside discussions among these quick-witted *habitants* often touch matters historical with a piquant and novel interest. Heartily can we commend every page of Dr. Drummond's latest volume; and we may add that the illustrations by Mr. Coburn serve to render still more certain the good fortune of this already prosperous "Voyageur."

Mackaye—Fenris, the Wolf. By Percy Mackaye. Macmillan. \$1.25.

Few men now writing poetical drama show the promise of Mr. Percy Mackaye. This his latest play, of the change of wolf to man, based on Scandinavian mythology, allows wide scope for his imagination, color, and strength of verse, now more mellow than in earlier attempts. It is only to be regretted that he has confined to his prologue the alliterative Saga verse personal to some of the characters. Though written primarily for production by Mr. Sothorn, the play with its settings has been fitly arranged for reading. Mr. Mackaye has taken another step in a direction that could well be imitated by other young dramatists.

Williams—Specimens of the Elizabethan Drama from Lyly to Shirley. With Introduction and Notes by W. H. Williams, M. A. Published at the Clarendon Press, Oxford. \$1.90.

When we remember our own youthful bewilderment on being turned loose among the colossal and often amorphous works of the pre-Shakespearean dramatists and the difficulty of mental digestion after such indiscriminate and greedy pasturage,—we can only wish that we might then have enjoyed the judicious selective services of the editor of "Specimens of the Elizabethan Drama," with the appended "appreciations" of each dramatist, and all needful, concise annotation and explication of texts herein given. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say more of the present compilation than that it is pervaded by the atmosphere of ripe literary scholarship; and that it will be found to commend itself both as a student's

class-book and as a refresher to the memory of the reader who would wander once again into the "spacious times of Great Elizabeth" without the toil of his earlier days, when he was compelled to winnow for himself the golden grain from the chaff of the threshing-floor.

RELIGION

Harper—The Structure of the Book of Amos. By William Rainey Harper. Univ. of Chicago Press. \$3.00.

President Harper analyzes the text of this book of the most ancient of the prophets whose date we know. He shows the strophic arrangement, he separates the interpolations and later additions, and offers some slight reconstructions of text. The Hebrew and English are given on opposite pages. The English version closely adheres to the Hebrew.

Rosadi—The Trial of Jesus. By Giovanni Rosadi. \$2.50.

At the mention of the trial of Jesus, we involuntarily recur in mind to great state trials, that of Socrates, the trial of Jeanne d'Arc, and that of Charles the First of England. Also the justifiability of the death penalty and the validity of evidence whether direct or circumstantial become open questions. Signor Rosadi does not attempt this broader treatment of the topic. What he does is to examine minutely the trial of Jesus according to the reports of it at our hand. The iniquity of it he makes clear. This is in rebuttal of recent assertions from certain quarters that all was therein done justly—Keen thinks not, and Keen's account should be put alongside this important work of Signor Rosadi.

(For list of Books Received see third page following.)

